

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*An Account, Historical, Political, and Statistical, of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata; with an Appendix, concerning the Usurpation of Monte Video by the Portuguese and Brazilian Government.* Translated from the Spanish. 8vo. pp. 345. London, 1825. Ackermann.

AMIDST the revolution of empires which rise and fall, flourish and decay, there is, perhaps, none more extraordinary than those which Spain and South America present.—Scarcely three centuries have elapsed since Spain, which had just expelled the invading Moors, made itself master of half Europe, and, carrying its victorious arms to a new world, overturned the mighty empire of the Incas, and established its sovereignty in the very heart of South America. Yet, extensive and scattered as the power and resources of Spain were, she did not appear weakened at any one point, for within about twenty years after the conquest of Peru, we find her fitting out that vast armada, which from its magnitude might almost, without a papal decree, have assumed the name of Invincible, and threatened our seagirt isle with invasion. Such was the power of Spain three centuries ago; she was then the most powerful nation in the world—now she is the most abject—her colonies are for ever lost to her—her navy is utterly annihilated—her treasury, into which the riches of the new world so long showered abundance, is empty, and her national spirit is so broken, that an army of 75,000 men marched from the Pyrenees to the pillars of Hercules; and the king and government owe their protection from an indignant people to foreign bayonets. But even this is not the extent of the degradation of Spain, and, as if she must drink the cup of humiliation to the very dregs, we find the naval armament of one of the few colonies she has lost, menacing her shores, seizing her few merchant vessels in her harbours, and even carrying off the very armed vessels placed for the protection of the coast. Spain sees all this and slumbers still, and the stupid and senseless Ferdinand calls on Austria, (a power that a few years ago had not a single ship) to sell him for a few vessels to drive away the Colombian privateers by which his shores are insulted!

We have hitherto dwelt on Spain and South America generally, but we must now confine ourselves to such portion of the latter as is treated of in this volume. Of late several works of various degrees of merit have been published on South America, but from one cause or other, the provinces of Rio de la Plata have been neglected, though the government has been so consolidated, and the

republic is so important, that it has been one of the first the independence of which Great Britain has recognised.

The first part of the work is a political review of the causes of the revolution in the united provinces of Rio de la Plata, in a confidential letter, by Don Ygnacio Nunez, to Mr. Woodbine Parish, who has been since appointed one of our consuls in South America. This letter was written previously to our recognition of the republic, and indeed with a view to promote it; and it contains an admirable sketch of the revolution and its present state. On the subject of the treatment of Rio de la Plata, and the mistaken opinions of the European governments, the writer says—

‘If you carefully weigh the circumstances under which this country commenced the revolution, and all that I have already advanced respecting her capacity and necessities, you will not be surprised at the excitement which the passions produced among us; when, among and near yourselves, your history, that of all Europe, and, if you will, that of every nation which has undertaken to act upon the principles of social reform, with greater facilities than ever we possessed, has presented scenes which have retarded the progress of human prosperity—nay, I leave it to you to decide whether, even in this century, scenes have not occurred in Spain, not inferior in enormity to any of those which her history has transmitted to us since the age of Charles V.

‘But it will be curious for you to know, that such circumstances were not sufficient to repress the fury of domination, which has been exercised to such an extent over this hemisphere. During the whole revolution, we were molested by pretenders to the establishment of thrones, with the plan of transplanting branches of the families of Europe. The House of Braganza, before the year 1810, was the first to attempt to carry these schemes into effect—alleging the eventual rights of Charlotte of Bourbon, but still laying greater stress on the captive state of the kings of Spain; and that same house, after the revolution, repeatedly renewed its endeavours for this purpose. France also distinguished herself. The Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Lucca have been successively pointed out by her, since the downfall of the empire; and it is also certain, that Francisco de Paula, brother of Ferdinand VII., made a similar overture: but, in both cases, it was our misfortune that the candidates who presented themselves belonged to the family of the Bourbons; that is, to a family which seems not to appertain to this world, but to the other. However, I conceive myself authorised to assert, that much of the blood

which has been spilt in my country, and many of the calamities of the revolution, have been occasioned by that kind of determination to act in contradiction to our spirit, and to force on us a form of government, opposed, not only by the passion of enthusiasm, but by all that tends to constitute our physical and moral existence.

‘This point now occupies a considerable share of the attention of Europe, in what is called the American question; and, as this is the case, you will perhaps not object to my dwelling on it a little longer. I confess I cannot imagine how it happens that, with the intelligence which distinguishes the cabinets of that part of the world, they could possibly have found anything, either at that time or now, to justify the intention of establishing a throne in my country, even had it been dignified with the epithet *constitutional*. I in no way allude here to the merits of the case: that is a topic which my principles would never suffer me to discuss. I refer solely to the means and to the foundation of the scheme; and, when I consider that the plea of anarchy was the only idea held forth by the promoters of the project from within, and the desire of stifling the revolutionary spirit the only notion brought into sight by its abettors from without, I am astonished to see men thus dazzled by the motives of a plan, without at the same time appearing to pay the least attention to the means of its accomplishment. In one party, methinks, I can trace the imprudence of incapacity, and, in the other, a most presumptuous torpor. In no other manner can the authors of so abstract a plan be classified—of a plan which, I may say, stands forward as a shadow without a substance. They have not taken the trouble to consider if the elementary principles of the country, her constitution, her situation, her necessities, her customs, the genius of her inhabitants, and even her climate, be capable of promoting an undertaking, the realization of which, in every part of the world, has required super-human, not to say divine, appeals to mankind; which have eventually proved successful, by reason of their having been practicable and convenient.

‘Europe knows not my country; and yet this proposition, absolute as it is, is the only one which could justify her in the fastidious endeavour to extend, even into the provinces of Rio de la Plata, her feudal ramifications. But all this does not seem likely to relieve her entirely from the inculpations which history will indubitably prefer against her, when it shall compare the manner in which she commenced the realization of that design with the intelligence she evinces in the promotion



of the felicity of her own nations. In my country there is no elementary principle that could in any way concur towards the establishment and preservation of a monarchical form of government. Her scanty population, her docile manners, her middling fortunes, her equality of conditions, her spirit of independence, her aversion to fanaticism, her occupations principally agricultural and pastoral, and the circumstance of her being moreover a country wherein the only personal privileges which were ever known to her inhabitants, namely, those of the army and of the clergy, have been with very little trouble entirely obliterated—in short, the mirror held up by her own history, and the sentiment which pervades her in opposition to any bias, direct or indirect, towards her ancient relations with the Spanish nation, form an immense mass of resistance to the project of establishing a monarchy in her territory. Royalty, were it even established, would not for centuries become national, as its support would necessarily depend on the maintenance of foreign mercenaries; inasmuch as it is quite certain that neither could the country furnish such means, nor the pretender have the courage, at such a distance, to employ the forms of absolute government to obtain them.

The late period of the week at which this valuable work was published, prevents us from entering into a regular analysis of it, or noting the able exposition the author gives of a subject at present of much interest—the dispute between the republic of Rio de la Plata and that of Brazil, relative to the occupation of Monte Video. We shall however resume the subject next week, and conclude for the present with quoting some of the regulations of the committee of emigration, nominated in April 1824, which is not connected with Barber Beaumont's trading speculation. The duties of the committee are as follow:—

'1. To give employment and allot work to the foreigners who come to the country without a destination, or who may be there without an establishment or domicile; and to inquire into their origin, and the causes of their situation.

'2. To induce artisans, labourers, and workmen of all kinds, to come from Europe.

'3. To introduce husbandmen, by contracts of hire with the proprietors and artisans of the country, under a general plan of contract, which shall be settled by the committee, and freely and spontaneously agreed upon between the workmen and the masters who wish to employ them.

'4. To make known to the industrious classes in Europe the advantages which this country holds out to emigrants; and to offer them the good offices of the committee on their arrival at Buenos Ayres.

'10. Emigration shall be promoted by all the means which the committee may deem most advisable, provided that what is enacted in the present regulation be attended to.

'11. The committee shall have a commodious house, wherein to lodge the emigrants the moment they disembark in this territory, in which they shall be maintained for the space of fifteen days and which house shall

be pointed out to each emigrant, so that he may seek for employ at his convenience.

'12. If the emigrant shall not find occupation within the aforesaid period, the committee shall procure it for him. The expenses occasioned by each of them, during the days of their stay, for lodging and maintenance, out of the funds of the commission, shall be added to the amount of the expenditure of the whole concern in each year.

'13. Eight days after the arrival of the emigrants, brought by their own agreement to this country, the captain or supercargo of the ship shall be paid, for passage fees and all expenses, the sum contracted for; which, however, must on no account ever exceed one hundred dollars. From this limitation are excepted the emigrants who come under contracts through the agents of the committee.

'14. The expenses expressed in the three preceding articles shall be made good, six months after the contract, by the masters with whom the emigrants enter on stipulations for service, to whom they shall be again returned by a discount, which shall be taken off the wages that the emigrants may earn.—This discount shall be moderate, and in small fractional parts, which shall be agreed upon between the emigrants and their masters.

'15. The contracts which are drawn up between emigrants and masters shall be authorized by the committee.

'16. The contracts which are drawn up with emigrants shall be for the term arranged between the masters and the emigrants; and the settlement of wages shall be regulated by a tariff, which the committee shall cause to be framed by intelligent and impartial persons.

'17. These wages must always be understood without the maintenance of the emigrants being included; for which the masters shall provide, independently, to the satisfaction of the committee.

'18. If any emigrant shall fall sick by reasons which are irrelevant to the contract, the master shall be obliged to assist him, charging him in account the expenses he may incur; but the contract may become null and void through want of health, bad treatment, or excessive labour, if acknowledged as such by the committee.

'19. The committee is especially charged to exercise the right of protection in the civil causes of the emigrants.

'20. The emigrants are placed under the protection and guarantee of the laws of the country; they shall be allowed to possess moveable and immoveable property of all kinds whatsoever, and to contract all manner of ties, with this limitation alone, that these possessions do not in aught prejudice their masters' rights during the period of their contracted service.

'21. The emigrants, during their contracts, remain free from all military and civil service: those who wish to enlist, may do so spontaneously, declaring it before the committee; in which case the master whom they serve shall be reimbursed by the emigrant for the amount of his contracted services.

'22. The emigrants, conformably with the custom of the country, shall not be disturbed

in the practice of their religious creeds; and shall be also exempted from all dues or taxes not imposed on the community in general.

'23. The emigrants who shall honestly have completed the time of their contracted service, shall be under the protection of the committee, and be preferred in the renting of the lands of the state, which they shall receive at a quit rent, according to the rule which may be established by law.

'24. These lands shall be allotted by election to the emigrants, and in proportion to the fitness and means of each; but none of these allotments must be of less size than sixteen square squares (*cuadras cuadradas*).

'25. In the event of a case occurring to which the foregoing article applies, the committee shall be allowed to give, out of their funds, to each renter, a loan of three hundred dollars, which sum they shall receive again in payments, at convenient periods, and at the interest of six per cent per ann.

'26. To the emigrants who have thus become proprietors, shall be conceded the right of possession over the legal value of the lands, and that of property over all the improvements that may be made on them; and both rights shall be negotiable and transferable by them and their successors. In case that government should resolve on the alienation of the said lands of the state, the possessor of them shall be considered as having a preferable right to purchase them, to all others who may compete.

'27. The committee is very particularly charged not to admit emigrants who have been punished for crimes committed against the good order of society.

'28. The enactments of this regulation shall at no time prevent any other person from introducing the number of emigrants whom he contracts with for his service by means of his agents in Europe; and these emigrants may avail themselves of the advantages offered by the present regulation, if, upon arriving at this port, they place themselves under the care of the committee, in conformity with its provisions.

'29. This regulation shall be revised every year, or oftener, if the committee, jointly with the government, shall judge it expedient, without the alterations which may then take place being in any way prejudicial to the contracts already made, or which may be making in Europe, within a certain period, which shall be fixed for the purpose.'

*A Manual of Classical Bibliography: comprising—a Copious Detail of the Various Editions, Commentaries, and Works Critical and Illustrative; and Translations from the English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and occasionally other Languages; of the Greek and Latin Classics.* By JOSEPH WILLIAM MOSS, B. A. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1273. London, 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

THAT the time employed by many students in indolence or dissipation has been devoted to a far nobler purpose by Mr. Moss is very evident, from his having produced a work of such labour, research, and critical knowledge, as the *Manual of Classical Bibliography*, be-



fore he reached his one-and-twentieth year—to say nothing of the other classical works in which he is engaged, and the ordinary studies which must have demanded his attention. It may be said that we have had works on this subject before—and so we have; but they are, as the author well observes, either little better than catalogues, from their sterility, or so bulky and expensive as to be out of the reach of a large class of classical readers and students. The object of Mr. Moss has been to give ‘an ample account of the contents, peculiarities, and merits of the different editions of each author respectively; and, what has hitherto been deemed a desideratum in works of this kind, a notice of the critical publications connected with the illustration or connection of the texts of each author, together with the literary history of the translations made into the English, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Polish, Russian, and other languages.’ And, ‘the better to enable the tyro in bibliography to form some idea of the market-value of different editions, the prices they have obtained at the sales of celebrated collectors have been carefully noticed, and in many instances the present prices.’ That, with all the industry Mr. Moss has displayed—and we know no bibliographer who has surpassed him, either in industry or discrimination, there may be some omissions, was to be expected; but that there is an immense body of useful information, not to be met with in any other work, will be readily admitted by every person who carefully examines these volumes. To the classical reader, any extract we could make would give no more idea of the merit of this work, than an inch square of broad cloth would do of the best made coat of one of our tailors in St. James’s or Bond Streets. We shall, however, mark a few passages which may be deemed curious or interesting even by those who have no great attachment to bibliographical pursuits:—

‘Æschyli (Tragœdiæ) A. C. 456.

‘Venet. 8vo. 1518. Græce. Aldi.

‘Editio princeps. A beautiful edition, copies of which are in great request among the curious, and lovers of Greek editions. De Bure, No. 2533. In consequence of the confusion which has taken place in this edition by the latter part of the Agamemnon being connected and intermingled with the commencement of the Chœphoræ, these two plays, says Fabricius, may be easily mistaken and considered as one. Bibl. Gr. lib. i. p. 16 First Edition. It is not an excellent one: and Fr. Asulanus, who edited, it, did not perceive that in his MS there was a deficiency of many pages, containing the end of the Agamemnon and the beginning of the Chœphoræ; insomuch that these two plays were so much mutilated, that he made but one of them, which is on that account almost unintelligible.’

‘Glasg. fol. 1795. Græce. Foulis.

“This very handsome and well-printed book appeared without the name of any editor in the title, without a line of preface, without a single note, and without the fragments,” &c. Monthly Review.—How Porson’s corrections, &c. on Æschylus fell into

the hands of Foulis, Mr. Mathias, in the Pursuits of Literature, informs us; which, for the information of my reader, I shall extract: “Mr. Porson, the Greek professor at Cambridge, lent his manuscript corrections and conjectures on the text of Æschylus to a friend in Scotland; for he once had, and I hope still has, an intention of publishing that tragedian, though it may now be suspended. His corrected text fell into the hands of the Scotch printer, Foulis, and without the professor’s leave, or even knowledge, he published a magnificent edition of Æschylus from it, without notes.” Notes to Pursuits of Literature.’

‘CICERO ON FRIENDSHIP.

‘Lond. 32mo. 1562. Translated by John Harryngton.

‘This is a very rare and curious little book: it contains a singular dedication, which will not only amuse but instruct my reader, by showing the great refinement which has taken place in our language; these I shall consider as sufficient reasons for inserting it in this place:—

“To the righte vertuouse and my singuler good Lady Katharine Duches of Suffolke,

“As my prisonment and adversitee moste honorable lady was of their own natvre joynged with greate and sundrie miseries, so was the sufferance of the same eased by the chaunce of dyverse and many commoditees. For thereby fovnde I a great soul profite, a little mynde knouledge, some holow hertes, and a few faithful freendes. Whereby I tried prisonmente of the body to bee the libertee of spirite: adversytee of fortune, the touchstone of vanities and in the ende quietnes of minde the occasion of study. And thus somewhat altered to avoyde my olde idlenesse, to recompense my loste tyme, and to take profite of my calamitee, I gave myselfe amonge other thynges to studie and learne the Frenche tonge, havynge both skilful prysoners to enstruct me, and thereto plentie of bookes to learne the language.

Among whyche as there were dyverse notable and for their sundry mattier woorthy readyng so none lyked me above this Tullius booke of freendshyp, nor for the argument any with it to be compared. The whole whereof whan I had pervsed and sawe the goodly rules, the naturall order and civyle use of freendshyp, where before I but liked than was I ravished, and in a certaine wonder with the heathen lerning which chiefly for itselfe I phantasied and for my state I deemed good to bee embraced as a glasse to dyscerne my freends in, and a civile rule to leade my life by. These causes moved mee to think it mete for moe. Whereupon I (as I coude) translated it, and though not so lyvely, not yet so aptly as some wold loke for, and many coude doe, yet I trust they will rather beare with my good will then rebuke my boldness, for that it proceeded more of a good mynd then of anie presumption of knouledge: and so my enterpryse is to bee interpreted rather by freends as a treatise of freendship, then by lerned clerkes in an argument of translacion. Well how so ever it shalbe lyked of the lerned, I hope it shall be allowed of the unlarned. Whose capacitees by my owne I con-

sider, and for lacke of a fine and flowynge stile I have used the playne and common speeche, and to thende the sense mighte not be chaunged, nor the goodnes of the matter by shift of tounge muche mynished, I caused it to bee conferred wyth the latine auctor, and so by the knowen well lerned to be corrected: after whose handelynge me thought a new spirite and life was geven it, and many partes seemed as it were wyth a new cote arayed, as well for the orderly placynge and eloquently changeynge of some woordes, as also for the plainly openyng and learnedly amending of the sence, whiche in the Frenche translatyon was somewhat darkened, and by me for lacke of knouledge in many places missed. Thus when the thinge was perfected and I beheld the fame of the auctor, the nature of the treatise and the clerenesse of his teachyng, I coude not judge to whome I shoulde rather offer it then unto your grace, whome the freendelesse daily finde their defence and the helples repaire to as a refuge. This did I not to teache you, but to let you see in learynge aunciente that you have by nature used! nor to warne you of oughte you lacked, but to sette forth your perfection: the proufe whereof the deede mighte wytnesse, and their offspring hath just cause to knouledge it, as mo can recorde it then can requite it. And such your freendly stedfastnesse declared to the deade, doth assertaine us of your stedfast frendlinesse towards the livyng, whiche the many have felte and diverse doe prove and fewe can want! Of whiche number youre grace hathe made me one, that neyther leaste nor seldomest have tasted of your benefites both in my trouble and also libertie. Wherefore your grace in my sight is of all other most worthy this small fruite of my prisons labour, as a fitte patronesse to the honour of such a worke, and a trewe example in whom it is fulfilled. Thus the lord of trueth preserve you in freenshyn, encrease youre frendes and defend you from enemyes. John Harryngton.”

We might select several interesting notices of a similar character, but these are sufficient to show the style of the work; and that it is a valuable one we are sure no person who examines it closely will for a moment doubt.

*Travels in Western Africa in the Years 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821. By Major W. GRAY and the late Staff-Surgeon DOCHARD. 8vo. pp. 412. London, 1825. Murray.*

FRIENDS as we are to exploratory voyages, yet we much doubt whether all our discoveries in Africa will repay the loss of life which is sacrificed in its pursuit, for scarcely a year has elapsed without some of our countrymen falling victims to this object, from the time that Mungo Park\* was missed, to the deaths of Major Peddie, Campbell, and Dochard. The first portion of the volume of Major Gray relates to the ill-fated expedition of Major Peddie and Campbell, and embraces a

\* A Dublin paper stated, within the last few days, that the MS. journal of Mungo Park had been found, and that it comes down to within a few days of his supposed death. This we should rejoice to find confirmed, but have little hopes of it.—REV.



period of about three years; the adventures of Major Gray succeed, and these, though of little importance, so far as discovery goes, are, in some degree, interesting, from the picture they give of African society and customs. From this portion of the work we shall make a few brief extracts, beginning with a description of Bondoo and its inhabitants; for as here our travellers were wintered, they had, of course, the best means of obtaining information:—

'The people of Bondoo are a mixture of Foola, Mandingoes, Serrawollies, and Joloffs, retaining, however, more of the manners and customs of the first, and speaking their language exclusively. They are of the middle size, well made, and very active; their skin of a light copper colour, and their faces of a form approaching nearer to those of Europe than any of the other tribes of Western Africa, the Moors excepted. Their hair, too, is not so short or woolly as that of the black, and their eyes are, with the advantage of being larger and rounder, of a better colour, and more expressive. The women, in particular, who, without the assistance of art, might vie, in point of figure, with those of the most exquisitely fine form in Europe, are of a more lively disposition, and more delicate form of face, than either the Serrawollies, Mandingoes, or Joloffs. They are extremely neat in their persons and dress, and are very fond of amber, coral, and glass beads of different colours, with which they adorn or bedeck their heads, necks, wrists, and ancles, profusely; gold and silver, too, are often formed into small buttons, which are intermixed with the former on the head, and into rings and chains worn on the wrists and ancles. They always wear a veil thrown loosely over the head: this is manufactured by themselves from cotton, and is intended to imitate thin muslin, at which they have not by any means made a bad attempt. The other parts of their dress are precisely the same as that already described to be worn by the inhabitants of Kayaye, and, with few exceptions of silk and printed cotton, which they obtain from the coast, are entirely of their own manufacture. They are exceedingly fond of perfumes of every kind, particularly musk, attar of roses, or lavender, but they can seldom procure these, and therefore substitute cloves, which they pound into powder, and mix up with the kernel, having something the flavour of a Tonquin bean, which they likewise reduce to powder, and with a little gum-water, form it into beads about the size of a common garden pea. These they string and hang round the neck; they sometimes string the cloves themselves, and wear them in the same manner; but the way in which they prefer wearing them is sewed up in small bags made of richly-coloured silk, a number of which are hung round the neck. The hair, which is neatly braided into a profusion of small plaits, hangs down nearly to the shoulders, and is confined (together with the strings of amber, coral, and beads, which decorate it) round the forehead with a few strings of small beads by the young girls, and, by the married, with a narrow strip of silk, or fine cotton cloth, twisted into a string

about as thick as a finger. To complete their dress, a pair of large gold ear-rings dangle almost to touch the shoulders, and in consequence of their great weight, would tear their ears were they not supported by a little strap of thin red leather, which is fastened to one ear-ring by a button, and passes over the top of the head to the other. The walk of these ladies is peculiarly majestic and graceful, and their whole appearance, although strange to a European observer, is far from being inelegant.'

'Bondoo, situated between 14° and 15° latitude north, and 10° and 12° longitude west, is bounded on the north by the kingdom of Kajaga, on the south by Tenda and Dentilla, on the east by the Falemme, Bambouk and Logo, and on the west by Foota Tora, the Simbani woods, and Woolli; its greatest extent from east to west does not exceed ninety British miles, and from north to south sixty.

'The whole face of the country is in general mountainous, but particularly so in the northern and eastern parts. Those mountains which are chiefly composed of rock are small and for the most part thinly covered with low stunted wood, little of it being fit for any other use than that of fuel.

'The valleys, wherein are situated the towns and villages, are for the most part cleared for the purpose of cultivation, to which the soil, being a light sand mixed with brown vegetable mould, seems well adapted. Innumerable beds of torrents intersect these valleys in all directions, and serve during the rains, being dry at all other times, to conduct the water collected by the high grounds to the Fa-lemme and Senegal. Great numbers of tamarinds, baobabs, rhamnus lotus, and other fruit-trees, are beautifully scattered over these valleys, which are rendered still more picturesque by the frequent appearance of a village or walled town, in whose vicinity are always a number of cotton and indigo plantations.

'The disposable force of Bondoo from all the information I could collect, does not exceed from five hundred to six hundred horse, and from two thousand to three thousand foot. When Almamy finds it necessary to call this army to the field for the protection of the country, or with the intention of invading the territories of some of his neighbours, he repairs with his own immediate followers to some village at a short distance from the capital, and there beats the war drum, which is repeated by each village, and in this manner the call to arms is circulated over the country.

'The chief of each town or village, with as little delay as possible, assembles his followers (or division, if it may be so called), and proceeds to head-quarters, where those chiefs consult with the king on the plan of attack or defence.'

At this said town of Bondoo, wives, if not very correct in their manners, are treated with more severity than gallantry—for Major Gray says:—

'We observed hanging on a stake, outside the walls of the town, a dress composed of the bark of a tree torn into small shreds, and

formed so as to cover the whole body of the person wearing it, who is a sort of bugbear, called Mumbo Jumbo, that occasionally visits all the Mandingo towns, for the purpose of keeping the married women in order. I have been told that the husband who has occasion to find fault with one of his wives (for here every man has as many as his circumstances will admit), either puts on this dress himself, or gets one of his friends to do it, and having made known his intended visit to the town, by shrieking and howling in the woods near it, arrives after sunset at the assembly-place, where all the inhabitants are obliged to meet him, with music, singing, and dancing, which continues for some hours, and terminates by his seizing the unfortunate woman, and flogging her most unmercifully in presence of the whole assembly, who only laugh at this horrid performance. We have never had an opportunity of seeing this ourselves, but have heard it from so many, and with such corroborative exactness of description, that we have no doubt of its existence to a much greater extent of blind savage superstition than has been described to us.'

Perhaps before we taught our readers how to 'rule a wife' in Africa, we should have stated how to procure one; take then the following rule:—

'One of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, having placed his affections, or rather desires, on a young girl at Kayaye, made the usual present of a few colas to her mother, who, without giving her daughter any intimation of the affair, consented to his obtaining her in any way he could. Accordingly when the poor girl was employed preparing some rice for supper, she was seized by her intended husband, assisted by three or four of his companions, and carried off by force. She made much resistance, by biting, scratching, kicking, and roaring most bitterly. Many, both men and women, some of them her own relations, who witnessed the affair, only laughed at the farce, and consoled her by saying that she would soon be reconciled to her situation.'

These extracts will be sufficient to prove Major Gray's work to be an interesting volume, and we have no doubt of the fidelity of our author's narrative.

*Gratitude, a Poetical Essay; with other Poems and Translations.* By Captain FELIX M'DONOUGH, Author of *The Hermit* in London. 12mo. pp. 106. London, 1825. Booth.

Is or is not Captain Felix M'Donough the author of *The Hermits* in London, the Country, and Abroad; the *Highlanders*, and other 'popular works,' as he assures us in the title-page of this little volume; if he is, there is a mawkish affectation in his preface, when he talks about his hesitation and trepidation in publishing a few slight poetical pieces, since the writer of the *Hermit's* sketches could scarcely hesitate to print anything, however absurd. It is, however, rumoured that the captain had more share in fathering the *Hermits* than in begetting or creating them.

Of the volume before us we cannot say



much, and the observations of the author, that they are written more from the heart than the head, almost induces us to say nothing at all, unless to reprehend the book-making; for nearly one quarter of this volume is occupied with title pages, contents, and prefatory matter, no page has more than eighteen lines, others not half that number, in others, a single epigram of six lines is sufficient, and one page is filled with an 'Impromptu' of two lines, 'written with a pencil in the Pump-Room at Bath,' made at a very early age on some young lady, saying that she had made a conquest of Mr. Fly of Gloucestershire. It is as follows:

'Arm'd, with destruction in her eye,  
She sallied forth and shot a Fly.'

Some of the pieces are, however, clever, and we subjoin two; the first, plaintive, is entitled—

'HALLS OF MY FOREFATHERS.

"Impius hæc tam culta novalia milse habebit?  
Barbarus has segetes?"—VIRGIL.

'When the sun of my youth, with its bloom,  
was declining,

Which beam'd o'er my path in the summer  
of life;

And the gay dream of fancy, its empire resign-  
ing,

Had opened my eyes to a world full of strife:  
I turn'd from false pleasure to sober reflection,

And ponder'd on scenes to fond memory dear;  
And wearily wander'd in mental dejection,

To seek for my home, but the stranger was  
there!

'Halls of my forefathers! mould'ring in ruin,  
Sad is the echo which sighs through your  
shade;

Mournful's the wood-pigeon plaintively cooing,  
Death-like the tread in your forest decay'd:

There was a time when the harp softly thrilling,  
Tales of romance and of valour could tell;

Halls! I must quit ye, however unwilling,  
Home of my fathers, for ever farewell!

The next, which is rather humorous, bears  
a strong resemblance to some pieces of the  
sort we have seen elsewhere:—

'THE MISNOMERS OF THE METROPOLIS.

'Miss Fortune's no fortune at all,  
Miss Rich cannot muster a guinea,

Miss Little's a little too tall,  
Miss Wise is completely a ninny;

Miss Black is as white as the snow,  
Miss Green is as red as a cherry,

Miss Brown's rather greenish or so,  
Whilst Miss White is as brown as a berry.

'Miss Inchbald's a fine head of hair,  
Miss Hare has got none on her noddle!

Miss Young is old, wrinkled, and spare,  
Miss Lightbody scarcely can waddle;

Miss Heavyside bounds like a roe,  
Miss Wild is grave, dull, and uncheery;

Miss Still is accounted the go,  
And Miss Graves is excessively merry.

'Miss Sharp has got blunt, as they say,  
Miss Dark is prodigiously bright;

Miss Knight has been turn'd into Day,  
And Miss Day is to marry a Knight.

Then, here is a health to them all,  
Good luck to them, sleeping and waking;

If 'tis wrong a fair maid to mis-call,  
Yet there's surely no sin in Miss-taking.'

*The New Jury Law: forming a Title of the Code of Legal Proceedings, according to the Plan proposed for the Statute Law of the Realm.* By C. UNIACKE, Esq. Barrister at Law. 12mo. pp. 72. London, 1825. J. and W. T. Clarke.

No lawyers ourselves, as we have admitted on more than one occasion, and without any hope of ever becoming profound in the science, we are nevertheless alive to any alteration in the statute law that may ameliorate or improve the condition of society, and have perused the New Jury Law with deep interest and satisfaction. The learned author is extremely anxious that our entire code of laws should be simplified, and has arranged the law of juries according to a plan proposed, and we must be much mistaken indeed if it be not admitted that it is well arranged and luminously explained. In a smart preface, the author's ire seems roused against the critics of *The Quarterly Review*, who have used their pens to reject 'the assistance of any system of codification, according to the new pattern, either compendious or expanded;' but, he says:—

'They will excuse me if I break their classic slumber, and inform them of a few modern truths. Since they went to sleep, then, statesmen, judges, and even the representatives of this mighty empire, have concurred in one opinion—the necessity of altering our laws; to what extent, and after what method, remain to be determined. Statesmen have begun to reflect upon the subject; judges have declared their inability to bear the burden on their minds; Parliament has addressed the throne, imploring his Majesty to direct the attention of his ministers to the evil, and those ministers have at length declared their determination to labour in the great cause. Does the Quarterly know anything of all this? Were any of its secluded sages in the House of Commons when the subject of "the twelve good and lawful men," pronounced by the lips of the minister, struck like magic across the minds of the representatives of the people; and was hailed as the earnest of that pledge which is yet to be redeemed? Yet it was left for the philosophy of the Quarterly to make the profound discovery that everything is in this respect exactly as it ought to be.'

After a few other pertinent remarks, the learned barrister thus apostrophizes the reviewers:—"Go! write for the lounging-room and the circulating library; leave the profound science of jurisprudence to minds which combine the enlarged views of the statesman, with the exactness and practical habits of forensic experience. Your labours may amuse or misguide the superficial readers of the day; but, the labours you would vainly attempt to check and enfeeble, are in a great and a good cause: to simplify the law—to reduce its delay—to diminish its expense, &c.'

Mr. Uniacke then proceeds to his task, and after giving the title, divides his subject into sections, and gives a clear view of the act, from which we shall make such extracts as are most likely to be acceptable, referring those who desire further information to the book itself:—

'General Qualifications for Jurors in Civil and Criminal Cases, and on Inquests.—The following persons shall be qualified and liable to serve on juries, for the trial of all issues joined in the counties where they shall reside, in any of the king's courts of record at Westminster; in the superior courts, civil and criminal, of the three counties palatine; and in all courts of assize, nisi prius, oyer and terminer, and gaol delivery. They shall also be qualified and liable to serve on grand juries and petty juries, in the courts of sessions of the peace, in the county, riding, or division, where they shall reside.

'Every man between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years, residing in any county in England, who shall have, in his own name, or in trust for him, within the same county:—

'1st. Ten pounds by the year, above reprises in lands or tenements, whether of freehold, copyhold, or customary tenure; or of ancient demesne; or in rents issuing out of any such lands or tenements; or in such lands, tenements, and rents, taken together, in fee simple, fee tail, or for the life of himself or some other person.

'2nd. Twenty pounds by the year, above reprises, in lands or tenements, held by lease for the absolute term of twenty-one years, or some longer term, or for any term of years determinable on any life.

'3rd. Being a householder shall be rated or assessed to the poor-rate, or to the inhabited house duty, in the county of Middlesex, on a value of not less than thirty pounds, or in any other county, on a value not less than twenty pounds. Or,

'4th. Who shall occupy a house containing not less than fifteen windows.'

Three-fifths of the above qualifications answer for Wales. In the city of London no person is to be empannelled or returned who shall not be a householder, or the occupier of a shop, warehouse, counting-house, chambers, or office, for the purpose of trade or commerce, within that city; and have lands, tenements, or personal estate, of the value of one hundred pounds.

The qualifications do not extend to the juries in any liberties, franchises, cities, boroughs, or towns corporate, not being counties; or in any cities, boroughs, or towns, being counties of themselves, which shall possess any jurisdiction, civil or criminal; but in all such places the proper officers shall prepare their panels as heretofore.

*Disqualifications*—Any man not being a natural-born subject of the king, except in particular cases. Any man attainted of treason or felony, or convicted of any infamous crime, unless he shall have obtained a free pardon. Any man who is under outlawry or excommunication.

The persons exempt from serving are—peers, judges, priests, barristers, civilians, attorneys, officers of courts, coroners, physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, officers of the army and navy on full pay, pilots, his Majesty's household, officers of the customs, sheriffs, and persons privileged by charter, grant, or writ.

The inhabitants of Westminster are ex-



empted from serving on any jury at the sessions for the county of Middlesex.

The churchwardens and overseers are to prepare the jury lists, have them fixed upon the church doors, and keep the original list open, for the inspection of the inhabitants, the first three weeks of September; and the clerk of the peace is to keep the jurors book for the year, and each sheriff is to deliver it to his successor.

No officer or person whatsoever will be allowed to take money or reward, of any kind, to excuse persons serving on juries. The sheriffs are to return a list of jurors in the panels annexed to writs, which lists are to be kept at their office for seven days, and inspected free of any cost: but for the minutiae of proceeding in civil and criminal cases, we must refer to the act.—The striking of special juries in the courts at Westminster is to be ordered by the judges as heretofore, from the lists made under this act; but if the parties at issue agree to adopt the mode used before the passing of this act, they may do so.

Those parts of the act which relate to the issuing of warrants and precepts for the return of jury lists, the preparation, production, reformation, and allowance of those lists, the holding of the petty sessions for those purposes, the formation of a juror's book and the delivery thereof to the sheriff, and the preparation of a list of special jurors, and of parchments or cards used in drawing the names of jurors, are to take effect so soon after the passing of the act as the proper periods for doing those things occur; and the rest of the act is to take effect on the first of January, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six.

There are several heads upon which we have not touched—such as penalties, high treason, &c., and which our limits will not allow us to analyse.

*Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland.*  
By CHRISTOPHER KEELIVINE. 12mo.  
pp. 366. Glasgow and London, 1824.  
Whittaker.

Books often share the fate of authors; and many meritorious works, as well as individuals, blush unseen, or have a fierce struggle to procure that due notice and attention to which their worth entitles them. Every day presents so many proofs of this, that we ought to apologise for a remark so trite, and at the same time for having neglected, for some months, to notice the *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*. Who the author is, we know not; though there is no doubt that Christopher Keelivine is a *nom de guerre*: but, be the author who he may, he need not hesitate to avow himself, for he is a writer of no ordinary talent—occasionally reminding us of Galt, sometimes of Wilson, and once or twice even of Scott. The volume consists of three distinct subjects; the first and the last are two charming tales, particularly the former. The story is that of a young Scotch squire, who had paid his addresses to the daughter of a farmer; but, at the instigation of friends breaks off the intended match, in order to marry a young woman of fortune; the poor girl obtains a husband, who dying, as well as the wife of her former lover,

the affection of early life is renewed, and their union seals their happiness at last. Such is the story of Mary Ogilvie, which also gives a good picture of matrimonial customs in the west of Scotland. The tale is related by the gentleman who first discarded the idol of his heart, suffered her to pass to another, and when that other died, married her. It appears that, previous to a wedding, there is a meeting of the parties and some of their friends, to register or book their names. The night before the wedding, too, there is a meeting, to 'attend to the washing of the feet, and to throw the stocking, according to antiquated custom.' On this occasion,—

'Little was said until Rob Glib, a sly laughing loon, made some ludicrous observation upon marriage, and accompanied it with a loud burst of laughter. The majority of the company seemed to feel a kind of shock, and a solemn pause ensued, while all eyes were involuntarily turned to watch the countenance of the old man. At length said he feelingly, "I am pleased to see young folks merry when they meet; for youth is the season of joy and gladness, and disappointment and sorrow will soon enough arrive: but, sirs, marriage is a serious covenant, and not to be treated as a joke, mair than ony ither important step in life, whare the consequences extend through mony years. Noo, happiness and love are in your thoughts through the day, and in your dreams through the night: but, life is no a' pleasure—mony hartless days and tedious nights may be to come; for, frae marriage to the grave, there may mony things occur atween twa frail mortals that may be sair to thole. But I dinna wish to dishearten you, bairns. I'm weel pleased wi' your marriage. And, Mary, my bonnie daughter, thou's gaun to be accountable to anither—an' frae under my care. Be kind an' obedient to thy gudeman, as thy dear mother was to me—and, as she is gone, dinna let thy duty to thy new connection allow thee to forget or neglect thy auld widowed father—for auld folk are weak, an' a bairn's neglect is a sore trial to an auld parent—an' thou's a' I ha'e to comfort me in my auld day—an' thou an' thine is a' that ties me to this earth!"

'Mary, whom I had observed struggling with her feelings, now burst into tears at this solemn appeal of her father. "Gi'e me thy han', Mary, my dear," said he, "an' dinna greet—thou's a' my hope; an' I know thou'll be a gude bairn to me as lang as I'm spared in this sinfu' worl'. An' noo, sirs," he continued, "excuse the weakness an' affection o' an auld man—an' remember my words, an' dinna expect owre muckle frae the worl'—for it's fu' o' deceit; but seek God to guide you, an' think soberly." He found himself affected, and rose to go away. No one could speak. "Gude night, sirs," said he; "make yourselves happy; an' I hope we'll meet the morn in peace an' wi' a blessing."

The company now began to tell stories of wayward fortune and broken hearts.

'Davie Cunningham—always foremost in the laugh, and quite as ready to weep—told a story of a marriage without love, and to the smothering of love for another, which was

soon followed by a burial, and tears and lamentations. He next called upon his lass to sing an old ballad called "The flower of Avonwood lee," which he said, she had often sung to him when she was but a wee wee lass, because it delighted her to see him greet at a waefu' tale.

'The girl was a laughing, black-eyed lassie; and it was almost incredible to observe the transition from her habitual look of levity and fun, to the artlessly-tragical expression which now lengthened her countenance, and swam in her speaking black-eye. She gave a shrill hem or two; and, to an old Gaelic air, which had little merit but a kind of antique plaintive expression, she, in a sort of recitative, and beating time with an extended foot, sung the following rude rhyme:—

'O did ye e'er hear o' bonnie Belleen,  
The flower o' Avonwood lee?  
And did ye e'er hear o' her brothers brave,  
Wha fought by the Warlock Tree.  
And did ye e'er hear o' Todseliff Tower,  
That frowns o'er the dashing tide?  
Or of gallant Ross, its stately lord,  
The Lothian's boast and pride?  
'The bonnie Belleen sat in her bower;  
And, O she was fair to see:  
For her skin was white, and her een were bright,  
As the stars in the lift sae hie.  
The gallant Ross was a hunting then;  
And he's stepp'd her bower within,  
An' he's doff'd his cap, and he's bent his knee,  
Her heart's true love to win.  
'And they ha'e met by the moon's yellow light,  
And he's kiss'd her beneath the tree:  
'O come wi' me, my bonnie Belleen,  
And Lady Ross thou shalt be!"  
He blew a blast, till glen and shaw  
Pour'd out his merry men bold;  
And they've placed her on a milk-white steed,  
And borne her to Todseliff hold.  
'O she has sat in Todseliff Tower,  
And a weary wife was she;  
For the Ross was proud, and his friends were great,  
And their faces she dar'd na see.  
And the sea-maw skreigh'd o'er the castle wa',  
And the waves dash'd wearilie;  
And she thought o' her hame and her brothers brave,  
And the bonnie braes o' Avonwood lee.  
A lady gay came down frae the south,  
Wi' riches and jewels most precious to see;  
'O leeze me," she said, "on the gallant Ross;  
For I love the glance of his bright-black ee."  
And he's ta'en her east, and he's ta'en her west,  
And he's feasted her in ha' and bower;  
But little he thought on his bonnie dame,  
That mourn'd in gloomy Todseliff Tower.  
'The merry bells did ring, and the tapers did blaze,  
When he wedded the Southern lady gay:  
But a weird voice was heard, 'boon the revelrie,  
Saying, "Woe to the Ross for the deed done this day!"  
\* \* \* \* \*  
'O mirk was the night, and fearfu' the storm,  
When they pu'd Belleen frae her lonely bed;  
And piercingly she shriek'd, and the water-spirit laugh'd!  
As the green sea swirled o'er her bonnie head!  
For they ha'e drown'd the bonnie Belleen;  
And nae mair she'll chaunt by Avonwood lee;  
And her brothers ha'e slain the cruel Ross,  
Whare his ghost still howls by the Warlock Tree.'



It appears somewhat improbable and somewhat cruel, that he who had discarded Mary Ogilvie should wish to see her nuptials with another, but so it was, and we will forgive the author any error in taste or correctness for the charming picture he has given us of the accidental rencontre between Mary and the youth, that had cast her away. He is his own narrator:—

“After descending the hill, I wandered, without any intention, into the little irregular mass of planting called Lillyburn Wood, where Mary Ogilvie and I had so often strayed; and my mind was absorbed in stating the *pros* and *cons*, and collecting the comparative probabilities of happiness, had I married her, with what I might reasonably anticipate the prospects which seemed before me. I was conning over the advices and lectures which had lately been bestowed on me by an experienced friend, and had just concluded with him, that love was a kind of disease of the feelings, very prevalent at my time of life, and could scarcely be escaped by a mind of some sensibility, as mine was, and of course liable to impression from every object which possessed beauty of form, or evinced warmth of sentiment—all of which were most seductively united in a pretty and romantic young woman. But as my friend had said, life, however short, was much longer, generally, than the space of time wherein youth flourished with personal beauty; that, of the enjoyments of life, however defective, love formed but a part; that even it depended, as an enjoyment, upon many adjuncts and favourable circumstances; and at best, like all passions, it tended to its own decay; that, should I gratify love, at this period of my life, by an irrevocable engagement, it would in all probability, from the restraints of marriage and the cares of a family, likely to be numerous at our age, be at the expense of many other enjoyments, and to the interrupting of many duties which my education and circumstances seemed to place before me; and, finally, that I might at a fitter period, and in circumstances more generally suitable, become as much attached to a woman more fitted to be my companion in the enjoyment of the elegancies and comforts of my rank in life.

“At every step in this wise reasoning, I was gaining strength to overcome my juvenile passion, when, turning round the foot of the green mound I have mentioned, I was met full in the face by Mary Ogilvie. We gazed upon each other for a moment, as mutually surprised what should have brought us, on this day, to the scene of our early love. I held out my hand to her instinctively. She gave me her's, in a manner which seemed to express the frankness of the old friend mixing with the modesty of the bride; and said something of surprise at finding me so far from my own home, and idling on this spot. But without waiting for my answer, she excused herself being in the little wood, by saying, that while the servants were making preparation for the expected company, she had left the house, to be out of the way, and wandered thus far.

“I still held her hand, and answered, with

more passion than wisdom, that she needed not to have given me this account of herself, and that the time was, when she would not have made excuses for meeting me in this wood. She looked at me with surprise at this speech, as well she might; and, withdrawing her hand, answered, “Aye, and I have seen the day, Mr. George, when—

““When what, Mary,” said I, as she paused—“speak! I love to hear you speak, as ye did long ago.” “When,” she answered, “I would na ha’e needed to excuse myself to you for meeting wi’ you in any place; and when, if it had been told me that ye would ha’e been awa’ frae Lillybrae for years, and come back without asking for me, or seeking to speak to me as ye used to do, if it were nae mair,” said she mournfully, “than to gar me greet wi’ minding me o’ our happiness when we were bairns, I wadna ha’e believed them; and, if ye like to hear me speak as I did langsyne,” said she, her voice trembling as she spoke, “what for did ye no come to Lillybrae, and speak to me, George?”

“These words were spoken in a tone so affecting, and with a look of such appealing expression, that it smote me with agonizing conviction of injustice, or rather cruelty to her, and took from me the power of uttering the excuse which I had meditated. I hesitated, and stammered. “Mary Ogilvie,” said I, at length, “I cannot tell you all the reasons; but my heart was not in it, Mary; I denied myself much—much—in not seeing you; but I heard you were going to be married to Craighlands, and I did not know but that you had forgotten me, and our early love.” I took both her hands, and looked in her eyes: “And you know, Mary,” continued I, “we have other things to do in life, than idle about these bonnie woods, pulling primroses and reading love-*tales*; for the scenes of our early days quickly pass away, and the feelings may be very different in after years. But *my* heart was not in fault, Mary;—I have not forgotten these days, nor this pretty bank, nor your lovely blue eyes, and yellow locks,—nor the day that we went to the Craigs of Glenvee,—nor—you are in tears, Mary;—I did not mean to vex you.”

““Oh, George,” said she, while the tears fell fast from her swimming eyes, “how can you speak so now, and not a word until my wedding-day! But I know you do not mean to pain me—I ken your warm heart; but ye’ll be designed for some great leddy, an’ I should never ha’e thought o’ the like o’ you.”

“As I was going to reply, she held her hand up before my mouth, and said, “Dinna speak nae mair to me, George; for I’m but a weak woman, an’ I’m gaun to be married to a decent man o’ my ain condition; but I cannot forget—no, I winna forget—farewell.” She tried to get away. “Will you leave me that way, Mary! It is our last meeting—the very last in this wood.” I drew her to me—she fell into my arms. I kissed her warmly—our tears mingled—she broke from me, staggered with agitation, then glided off round the green mound, leaving me like one awakened from a dream.

I threw myself on the turf to recover my feelings, and pondered on the shortness of those scenes that live longest in our remembrance, and the scantiness of those illumined pages of the book of life which are dearer to the fancy than all the rest of the dull and blotted volume.

The author and hero skips from one event in his life to another by asterisks, thus, from Mary Ogilvie’s marriage to his own, and from the death of her husband to that of his wife. The connection, however, is sufficiently apparent, and Mary Ogilvie is as pretty a tale as we have read for some time.

The ‘Sketch of Changes’ exhibits a striking picture of society in the west of Scotland, with some animated traits of character. Take, for instance, the following portrait:—

“John Thrum, Esquire, was a weaver born, for his “father, the deacon before him,” was a plain, dunsie, money-making man; and having himself known the good of a trade, which, according to Doctor Franklin, is an estate—he not only trained his son in his own footsteps, but left him his wealth; convinced that, at least, the cautious youth would “haud it weel thegither.” In person, John is stout and set, as if designed by nature for a blacksmith; his happy exemption from that foolish thing called feeling, fits his mind for going through with anything; and his constitution enables him to carry a proper skinful of *cold punch*.

“As a manufacturer, he employs a number of persons, over whom, in matters of business, he bears absolute and terror-striking sway, by his rough and bullying manner, his severe scrutiny of their labours, and his threats of all that is in the rich man’s power. He is fond of employing, or having to do with persons whose circumstances put them very much into his power; to all whom he holds the language of obtrusive selfishness, in which, when he meets with the chicken-hearted abettors of sympathy, he seems to glory.

“In some things, John is “a very good sort of man;” he gives a good dinner now and then, and sometimes to vulgar enough persons—for a man cannot be always on stilts. and a fine house is most admired by those who have not the like themselves; besides, as it is hard to extract out of the flesh what is “bred in the bone,” he has really most enjoyment in such company, although his daughters have been observed, on some occasions, to turn up their noses at him and his friends, in a most dignified manner. At these jollifications, John might, by unlearned persons, sometimes be supposed to have forgotten that he is a manager of his kirk, and an example to the ungodly; but those who would suppose this, do not know Glasgow; for John never ventures to wink his left eye, and turn up the side of his head at his own story, until he knows his company, and his company know one another; but when that is the case—

““No yonker on the green laughs louder, Nor tells a smuttier tale.”

“Mr. Thrum’s other matters of relaxation are church and religious society meetings—the great modern manufactories of public



character; where his gravity and known wealth add to the *respectability* of the assembly; where the very countenances of him, and such as he, are an edification to behold; and where his praise is sounded, along with other "good men," who do not choose to hide their light under a bushel.

The changes that have passed in the state of society in the west of Scotland are so well described, that, although we shall not make this really clever volume the subject of a second critical notice, yet it is extremely probable that we may turn to it for some 'sketches of change' in Scottish society.

#### THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(Continued from p. 537.)

FINDING that we must extend our notice of this valuable work to another paper, we shall, for the present, confine ourselves to a single event—a fearful act in this great political tragedy—the trial, condemnation, and execution of Louis XVI. The leading features of this event are well known. He was ably defended by M. Desèze, who finished his speech in the following just and concise manner, in which he touched, for the first time, upon the private virtues of the king:

"Louis XVI. ascended the throne at the age of twenty, and at that early season of life afforded an example of blameless morals to monarchs. He brought with him to the supreme power no criminal weaknesses, no corrupt passions; he was economical, just, and temperate in his habits, and showed himself the constant friend of the people. The people desired the abolition of a grievous tax; he abolished it: they demanded the abolition of servitude; he commenced by abolishing it in his own domains; they solicited the reform of judicial legislation: he made these reforms: they desired that the great mass of the French nation, whom the rigour of our ancient customs had till then deprived of their rights, should acquire or recover them; these he gave them the enjoyment of by his laws: they cried for liberty, and he granted it! He even anticipated their wants by his personal sacrifices, and yet it is in the name of this same people, that his blood is this day demanded! Citizens, I cannot conclude—History will give her verdict: recollect she will pass judgment on your sentence, and her decision will be stamped with indelibility!"

"Louis then briefly addressed the assembly. "You have just heard," said he, "my defence; I shall not further insist upon the arguments there urged; but, as I am addressing you, perhaps, for the last time, I feel it incumbent on me, to declare that my conscience is free from guilt, and that my defenders have spoken the truth."

"I have never feared the public examination of my conduct; but I am deeply grieved to find that the effusion of blood of the 10th of August is laid to my charge."

"The multiplied proofs which I have ever given of my love to the people, and my general conduct towards them, appear to me sufficient to prove that I did not fear to expose myself, to prevent the effusion of this blood, and should for ever repel from me so foul an imputation."

The 14th of January was the day fixed for the votes to be collected in the National Convention:—

"On this fatal day, an extraordinary concourse of spectators surrounded the assembly, and filled the galleries. Many orators presented themselves to propose different modes of stating the question; finally, after long debates, the convention put the three following interrogatories:—

"Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the liberties of the nation, and the general safety of the state?"

"Shall the sentence, whatever it may be, be subjected to the sanction of the people?"

"What penalty shall he undergo?"

"The 14th was wholly occupied in the determination of these questions. On the 15th, an appeal, by name, was to be made to each deputy. The assembly, in the first instance, decided that each member should pronounce his vote in the tribune; that he should give his reasons for voting as he intended, and that these should be written down and signed; that those who were absent, without a cause, should be censured, but that if any entered after the appeal had been made, they might deliver their vote. Finally, this fatal appeal began on the first question. Eight members were absent from illness, and twenty on the business of the assembly. Thirty-seven, giving various reasons for their votes, acknowledged that Louis XVI. was guilty, but declared themselves incompetent to pronounce sentence on him, and demanded measures of general safety against him. Six hundred and forty-three declared Louis XVI. guilty. The assembly was composed of seven hundred and forty-nine members.

"The president then, in the name of the National Convention, proclaimed Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the liberties of the nation and the general safety of the state."

"The appeal on the second question then took place. Twenty-nine members were absent, of whom four, Lafon, Wandeaucourt, Morrison, and Lacroix, refused to vote. Eleven gave their opinion with different conditions. Two hundred and eighty-one voted for an appeal to the people; four hundred and twenty-three rejected it. The president then declared, in the name of the National Convention, that the sentence against Louis Capet should not be subjected to the sanction of the people."

"The vote of the Duke of Orleans excited an extraordinary sensation. Obligated to support the Jacobins or to perish, he pronounced the death of his relative, and returned to his place, having caused a throb of horror to pervade the assembly by his sentence. This dreadful sitting lasted through the whole night of the 16th and the day of the 17th, till seven o'clock in the evening. The division of the votes was now awaited with extraordinary impatience. All the avenues around the assembly were thronged to excess, and every one anxiously inquired of his neighbour the result of the examination. In the convention, all were still in doubt; the words detention and banishment appeared to recur as frequently as that of death."

"Vergniaux presided. "Citizens," said

he, "I am about to proclaim the result of our votes. You will observe, I hope, a profound silence. When justice has spoken, humanity should take its turn."

"The assembly was composed of seven hundred and forty-nine members; fifteen were absent on business, eight from indisposition, and five had refused to vote, which reduced the number present to seven hundred and twenty-one, and the majority to three hundred and sixty-one voices. Two hundred and eighty had voted for a detention or banishment with different conditions. Two had voted for a rigorous imprisonment, and forty-five for a capital punishment to be delayed until the peace, or until the ratification of the constitution. The sentence of twenty-six had been death, who, adopting the idea of Mailhé, had required an examination into the expediency of suspending its execution. Their vote, however, was independent of this last clause. Three hundred and sixty-one were for death, without any condition."

"The president, therefore, with an accent of grief, declared, in the name of the convention, that the sentence of death was pronounced against Louis Capet."

"The executive council was charged with the sad duty of executing the sentence. The ministers, assembled in the chamber of their sittings, appeared struck with consternation. On Garat, as minister of justice, fell the painful task of signifying to Louis the decrees of the convention. For this purpose, he betook himself to the Temple accompanied by Santerre, a deputation of the commune, and of the criminal tribunal, and by the secretary of the executive council. The king had waited, with anxiety, for the last twenty-four hours, the arrival of his counsel, and demanded in vain permission to see them. On the 20th of January, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he still expected them, when suddenly the tread of many feet reached his ears; he advanced, and perceived the messengers of the executive council. He stopped, with a dignified air, at the door of his chamber, and did not appear agitated. Garat told him, with grief, that he was commissioned to communicate to him the decrees of the convention. Gronville, the secretary, then read them. The first declared Louis XVI. guilty of conspiring against the general safety of the state; the second condemned him to death; the third rejected the appeal to the people; and the fourth ordered his execution in twenty-four hours. The king, regarding these messengers of death with a serene countenance, took the decree from the hands of Gronville, put it in his pocket, and read Garat a letter, in which he demanded of the convention three days to prepare to die, a confessor to attend him in his last moments, permission to see his family, and liberty for them to quit France. Garat received the letter, and promised to deliver it immediately to the convention; the king gave him, at the same time, the address of the clergyman whose assistance he demanded."

"Louis returned to his chamber with perfect tranquillity, called for dinner, and ate as usual. The knives had been taken away, and the domestics refused to bring them



back. "Do they believe me coward enough," said he, with dignity, "to take away my own life? I am innocent, and I can die without fear." He was obliged to dispense with a knife, finished his meal, returned to his apartment, and awaited, calmly, the reply to his letter.

The king requested the Abbé Edgeworth might be appointed to attend him, and he was sent for. He arrived in company with Santerre:—

"The moment M. Edgeworth was introduced, he threw himself at the feet of the king, who immediately raised him, and they shed tears of mutual sympathy in each other's arms. The king then demanded, with anxious curiosity, news of the clergy of France, and of many bishops, especially the Archbishop of Paris, and begged M. Edgeworth to assure the latter that he died faithfully attached to his communion. At eight o'clock he rose, begged M. Edgeworth to wait, and left the room with emotion, saying that he was going to see his family. The municipal officers, determining not to lose sight of their charge, even whilst he was with his family, had determined that he should visit them in the dining-room, which was closed by a glass door, through which they could perceive all his movements without hearing what passed. The king, having entered this apartment, had a glass of water placed upon the table for the princesses, should they need it. He paced the room with anxiety, awaiting with impatience the appearance of those who were so dear to him. At half-past eight o'clock the door opened, and the queen, holding the dauphin by the hand, and Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royale, rushed into the arms of the condemned monarch, sobbing with grief. The door was closed, and the municipal officers, together with Clery and M. Edgeworth, placed themselves behind it to witness this heart-rending interview. At first it appeared nothing but a scene of confusion and despair. Nothing but sobs and lamentation could be distinguished. The conversation afterwards became more tranquil, and the princesses spoke for some time in a very low tone of voice. The king finally rose to tear himself from this distressing scene, promising to see them again at eight o'clock the next morning. "Do you promise us?" asked the princesses with earnestness. "Yes, yes," replied Louis, with an accent of grief. At this moment, the queen held him in her embrace by one arm, Madame Elizabeth by another, Madame Royale flung her arms round the middle of his body, and the young prince stood before him, giving one hand to his mother and the other to his aunt. As he left the chamber, Madame Royale fainted away; she was immediately carried out, and the king returned to M. Edgeworth, overwhelmed with grief; but he soon recovered his tranquillity.

"M. Edgeworth then proposed to celebrate the mass, of which the king had not partaken for some time. After some difficulties, the commune consented to this ceremony, and the necessary ornaments, for the next morning, were procured from a neighbouring church. The king retired to rest at midnight

begging Clery to wake him at five o'clock in the morning. M. Edgeworth threw himself on a bed: Clery remained up by the side of his master, and saw him enjoying the most profound and peaceable sleep on the eve of his execution.

"Meantime a terrific scene took place in Paris. Some few generous souls dared to express their indignation, but the mass, either indifferent or terrified, remained passive. One of the body-guard, named Pâris, had resolved to avenge the death of the king on one of his judges. Lepelletier Saint Fargeau, like many others of his rank, had voted for the death of Louis, to avert the odium caused by his birth and fortune. He had excited great indignation among the royalists, on account of the class of society to which he belonged. On the evening of the 20th he was pointed out to Pâris, at a tavern in the Palais-Royal, whilst he was seating himself at table. This young man, wrapped in a great coat, went to him, and said, "Is it you, scoundrel, Lepelletier, who voted for the death of the king?" "Yes," replied he, "but I am not a scoundrel, for I voted according to my conscience."—"Hold," resumed Pâris, "here is your recompense!" and he plunged his sabre in his side, and disappeared before any one had time to seize him.

"The news of this event spread with rapidity through all parts of Paris. It was announced at the convention, the Jacobin club, and at the commune. This incident gave countenance to the report of the conspiracy of the royalists, who, it was said, meditated massacring the left side, and rescuing the king when at the foot of the scaffold. The Jacobins declared their sittings permanent, and sent new messengers to all their authorities to rekindle their zeal, and to call the whole population to arms.

"On the next day, the 21st of January, as the Temple clock struck five, the king awoke, called for Clery, and dressed himself with the most perfect tranquillity. He congratulated himself on having recomposed his mind by sleep. Clery lighted the fire, and moved a chest of drawers, which served for an altar. M. Edgeworth put on his sacerdotal vestments, and commenced solemnizing the mass; Clery assisted at it, and the king, on his knees, gave deep attention to the ceremony. He then received the communion from the hands of M. Edgeworth, and the mass being finished, rose with increased strength, and awaited with serenity the moment in which he was to be transported to the scaffold. He demanded scissors to cut his hair himself, to avoid this humiliating operation from the hands of the executioner; but the commune, suspecting the possibility of suicide, refused his request.

"The drum now beat through the streets of the capital. All those who belonged to the armed sections joined their companies with the most perfect submission. Those who were not obliged to make their appearance on this terrible day, concealed themselves in their houses. Their doors and windows were all shut, and they awaited, at home, the tidings of this heart-rending event.

It was reported that four or five hundred men, devoted to the king, had designed to burst their way to the carriage, and carry him off. The convention, commune, executive council, and Jacobins were all assembled.

"At eight o'clock in the morning, Santerre, with a deputation of the commune, of the department, and of the criminal tribunal, proceeded to the Temple. The king hearing the noise of their approach rose, and prepared to depart. He had determined not to renew the sad scene of the preceding evening by seeing his family again. He charged Clery to give his adieu to his wife, sisters, and children. He also begged him to carry them a lock of his hair and some jewels, which he gave him for that purpose. He then squeezed his hand, and thanked him for his services. He afterwards addressed one of the municipal officers, begging him to transmit his will to the commune. This officer, named Jaques Roux, had formerly been a priest; he answered him in a brutal manner, that it was his business to conduct him to the scaffold, not to run on his messages. Another charged himself with this commission, and Louis, turning towards his conductors, gave, with firmness, the signal of departure.

"Officers of the gendarmerie were placed in front of the carriage in which Louis was transported to the place of execution; he himself and M. Edgeworth were seated behind. During this transfer, which was rather long, the king read, from the breviary of M. Edgeworth, the prayers appropriate to his situation. The two gendarmes were astonished at his piety and tranquil resignation. They had orders, it was said, to stab him if the carriage should be attacked. No hostile attempt, however, was made from the Temple to the Place de la Revolution. The armed multitude formed a street. Profound silence prevailed, and the carriage advanced slowly. At the Place de la Revolution, a large vacant space was left round the scaffold. Tiers of artillery surrounded this space; the most democratic confederates were formed round the scaffold; the very refuse of the rabble, always ready to insult genius, virtue, and misfortune, when they received the signal from higher authorities, pressed behind the ranks of confederates, and manifested their execrable satisfaction by many hateful gestures of triumph and revenge; whilst every sentiment of commiseration was suppressed by terror, and buried in silence. Louis, alighting from the carriage, advanced with a firm step and undismayed air, towards the place of execution. Three executioners came forward; he rejected their interference, and disrobed himself. But when they attempted to bind his hands, he experienced a movement of indignation, and seemed involuntarily about to defend himself. M. Edgeworth, whose expressions were, at this moment, full of sublimity, seeing his emotion, said to him, "Suffer this indignity, as a last resemblance to the God who is about to be your recompense." The victim became resigned, and suffered himself to be bound, and led to the scaffold. Suddenly he advanced one step in front of the executioners,



and addressed the people. "Frenchmen," said he, in a strong voice, "I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me; I pardon the authors of my death, and I pray that my blood may not be upon France." He would have continued, but the drums were now ordered to beat; the voice of the king was drowned in their noise, the executioners seized upon their victim, and M. Edgeworth inspired his last moment with this sublime exclamation: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!" The furious wretches who surrounded his scaffold then dipped their pikes and handkerchiefs in his blood, spread through Paris, shouting "Live the nation! live the republic!" and even went to the gates of the Temple, to manifest that false and brutal joy which the multitude always experience on the opening of a new era, and at the downfall of the great.

## COSTUMES.

The following curious particulars, relative to several articles of costume, are from the twenty-second part of Fosbroke's Encyclopedia of Antiquities:—

**Buttons.**—The classical ancients did not commonly use buttons, a few excepted on the shoulders and arms of women's tunicks; or two, connecting the two square pieces of the tunick, near the neck. Buttons of brass, among the people and soldiery, fastened upon the shoulder, commonly the right, the chlamys, paludamentum, or cloak of the men. Among us they are as ancient as the tenth century. They appear upon the front of the tunick; but in that, and the fourteenth century (when they are first mentioned by authors), were more for ornament than use. They were mostly of gold and silver, and imported; the manufacture, even in 13th Cha. II. being limited to buttons worked with the needle, to which succeeded those made with cloth and stuffs. Du Cange mentions them abroad in the fourteenth century. Laces were a long time substitutes for them.

**Garters.**—The Anglo-Saxons had three kinds, two of which ran up like those of Highlanders, from the foot; the third like the modern, about the calf, but with only one ligature, and appropriated to all classes, but more particularly to soldiers. After the Conquest, these fashions appear to have been far less universal, although cross-gartering and spiral convolutions occasionally appear. In the reign of Edw. III. gold or silver was worn upon them. In the seventeenth century, the hose was tied to the breeches by points or thin strings like tapes. Queen Elizabeth had garters of white cypress, i. e. gauze.

**Gloves.**—These were used in the classical era to defend the hands against thorns, and archers used them not cleft in the fingers; secretaries against cold, in order not to leave off writing; husbandmen, leathern gloves; effeminate people, those of cloth or linen. In the year 814 they were distinguished by pairs. Strutt thinks they were unknown here before the tenth century, made of linen, and then, long after, confined to persons of rank and the clergy, upon solemnities, and ornamented with jewels. He also thinks,

that towards the end of the thirteenth century, they were partially used by the ladies. The gloves of the nobility reached nearly to the elbows. Du Cange mentions Manufollia, mittens filled with money, and laid under the pillow; and the custom is recorded elsewhere, that it was usual to keep money in gloves. We also hear of winter-gloves lined with fur. Instances appear of riding in gloves, and of pulling them off when people said their prayers at church. They were common complimentary presents to great men. In the seventeenth century the custom of wearing them richly embroidered was very expensive, a pair costing 30s. At a wedding in 1604, the charge of the gloves and garters given away amounted to nearly £1,000, and bishops used to make similar presents at their consecration, afterwards commuted for a benefaction. While the spirit of chivalry lasted, the glove of a lady was worn on the helmet, as a favour; and was a very honourable token and mark of the wearer's success, which was supposed to be derived from the virtue of the lady. At the battle of Agincourt, according to Drayton, the young warriors wore either a lady's sleeve, garter, glove, lock of hair, or other token, on the helmet; in peace they were worn on the hat. On the decline of the fashion, it fell into the hands of coxcombs and servants. Gloves were very dear, if finely perfumed, in Elizabeth's time, when perfumes were but newly made in England, and brought from Italy.

**Pinafore.**—Du Cange, under the word Mantellum Mensale, a dress so called to spare others; the sarcia of coarse linen, a semitunick, worn by workmen to save their cloaths; and a syrcote, without shoes, worn by soldiers to eat or stay at home in. The mensalia were pinafores used at meals by men. So Lynwood, who adds, that the supertunicks were anciently of the same use.

**Stockings.**—Two pair were worn together in the sixteenth century. Mary Queen of Scots at her execution wore stockings of blue worsted, clocked, and edged at the top with silver, and under them another pair of white. In the next century two pair were also worn together, one fastened to the breeches, and the other gartered below the knee, and then turned down. Previously to the introduction of silk, stockings were very rich and splendid, consisting of the most costly stuffs, interwoven and embroidered with gold and silver. Socks of fustian are contemporary. Stubbs says, that the women's stockings consisted of silk, jarnsey, worsted, cruel, or at least of fine yarn, thread, or cloth of all colours, and with clocks, open seams, &c. In the sixteenth century, in France, young men of rank wore their stockings of different fashions upon each leg.

**Waistcoat.**—This garment, at first used while the doublet was in fashion, at last superseded it. It was made of rich and embroidered materials. William Lee wove silk waistcoat pieces in his stocking frame; and some kinds were sold in the shops at 10, 20, and £40 a-piece. It was a garment common to both sexes.

**Trousers.**—The Trojans, Phrygians, inha-

bitants of the Tauris, and all Barbarians, wear upon Greek monuments, trousers very long, and full of plaits. The Gauls are also thus distinguished by these *bracæ*. The trousers of the Anglo-Saxons served also for stockings. They do not appear to have undergone the least material alteration during the early part of the Anglo-Norman era; but, after the conquest, they became confined to the rustics and lower classes, and were, Strutt thinks, the only interior garment used beneath the tunic. Joinville observes, that they were worn of coarse cloth by Saracen sailors.

## ORIGINAL.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.

LIVING SKELETON, CURIOUS LADIES, THEATRICALS, &c. &c.

MR. EDITOR,—Pray what is Asmodeus about?—peeping into a South American mine, or gone to dine with Captain Parry on an iceberg, I suppose;—at all events, he is not exercising his ubiquity, nor performing his office, as a spirit quick to detect, and eager to punish, the follies of the day. Why will he leave it to a plain man—more inclined to humour his fellow-creatures, than to lash them—to point out such perversions of taste, and dereliction of manners, as to suggest the idea, not that one devil had left us, but that a legion were amongst us.

I say nothing of the lion-baitings and dog-bitings at Warwick, nor of the well-dressed women peeping in the uppermost windows—for it is the property of all great evils, to swallow the lesser;—no; I only can think of the new and extraordinary monstrosity, of women, living in society—women, neither recognised as harlots, idiots, nor anatomical students, actually investigating that unhappy and disgusting being, exhibited amongst us as a living skeleton.

When you gave to husbands and fathers very good advice, on the occasion, cautioning them not even to answer inquiries at home, and thereby excite the imaginations of their female connections to dwelling on a subject which might painfully affect or seriously injure minds easily acted upon by all that awakens fancy and excites apprehension, it did not enter your mind that women would themselves become spectators. Had the fact not been flagrant, it could never have met with belief, and in parts remote from the metropolis, it never will be credited that Englishwomen, so long deemed the most modest and unaffected in Europe, should, in open day, in company with other men, actually in defiance of common decency, gaze upon a man stripped to the very bones.

A sickly and insatiate curiosity may infect a few pretenders to science, and the rage for seeing sights, which amounts to a disease, draw many into places somewhat *outré*; travelled amateurs may be allowed to gaze on fine statues; and old nurses be not only privileged, but thanked, when the levelling hands of sickness and death compel them to forget the difference of sex between themselves and the breathing clay imploring their good offices; but to step forward to such a spectacle as this is a violation of all decency,



as well as delicacy, that admits of neither palliation nor excuse: to woman the sight gives no instruction—exercises no virtue; she commits an outrage on her own nature, and renders herself hateful to our's. She perverts the first and sweetest movements of the heart, making even youth and beauty loathsome in our eyes, when connected with the idea that so fair a person is inhabited by a mind so beastly or so imbecile; for I protest that I have seen young men literally turn pale and shudder, with the sensation of a disgust amounting to horror, when they even thought of it.

I understand several ladies have fainted and been carried away in that state; and others have evidently suffered much, from seeing this deplorable object: others, of stronger nerves, or in more advanced life, have beheld it with all imaginable *sang-froid*. In a Catholic country, these visitants might be all considered as persons sent thither to perform an act of penance; nor should I blame the priest who judged it wise to cure those dames, who had been too fond of the flesh, by presenting them with compelled contemplation of the bones. Considered in the light of a punishment to ladies of a certain age, the thing might be very well; but, even in this (which is its only salutary form), restrictions should be observed, and all young sinners exempted, lest it should be found to add, to the evils already possessed, those of insensibility and immodesty.

That government ought to interfere, in such a case, is my decided opinion, however great might be the clamour against such an encroachment on the liberty of women to descend from angels to brutes: the press—the great engine, will perhaps do the business better; and earnestly do I call on every man to do his duty who holds the power—the truly valuable power, of contributing to purify us from a stain hitherto unknown in the annals of our women.

Let us turn from such a sickening subject; let us bring back our hearts to their old fealty to the sex—and how can we do it better than by looking at Miss Kelly's Susan, in *Broken Promises*. Here we have at once a woman of genius—of powerful original genius, and woman in a humble estate—the faithful, active, strongly-attached servant, and the tender, constant, generous lover, in the nobleness of whose nature, despite of the lowliness of her condition, and the simplicity of her manners, we feel something almost sublime, and in whose sorrows our bosoms swell and our eyes overflow.

It is pretty generally understood that no actress, in the last fifty years, has approached Miss Kelly, except Mrs. Jordan; but it is my decided opinion that this lady excels her predecessor—not, it is true, in the sweetness of her voice—for that I deem unequalled, but in the *naïveté* and strictly-true delineation of her character. Susan never ceases to be a servant-maid; there was a moment when I did fear the gentlewoman was coming, in her address to the villagers; but no—it was only the natural interest which belongs to strong excitement, and in which the human soul rises, in its native greatness,

above the trammels of circumstance. As a duchess in a rage gives the idea of vulgarity, so may a rural maiden, in her hour of anguish and just indignation, become animated even to eloquence. Perhaps there never was a more touching and beautiful trait of the workings of an innocent girl's heart, than is given by Miss Kelly in the moment of her reconciliation, when, after struggling a short time with her feelings, she seizes her mother, and gives her a hearty kiss; it is the avowal of her happiness—it is the claim upon maternal approbation, which, thus secured, she then modestly sinks into the arms of her lover. This is nature—pure, amiable nature, combining the fond frankness of a confiding heart with the feelings which belong to her who 'will not unsought be won'—whose love is dignified by its purity.

My friend Power plays the corporal in a style worthy of Susan, which is saying all that can be said. A gentleman in private life, so, in his public capacity, he never can condescend 'to rend the ears of the groundlings;' and all the praise he has received as an Irishman, never tempts him to that burlesque which has been frequently united to the brogue or the manners of that character. His O'Connor is as chaste and as true a piece of acting as I ever remember to have witnessed, especially in the scene to which I have alluded. The first time I saw him, I had placed myself (as I always do when my family are not with me) in the middle of the pit; and I was amused by the critiques of some of my neighbours, who had only been in a very little time, but had elbowed their way into good places. 'So this is the clever Miss Kelly!' said one; 'well, she has all her own way! he says never a word.' 'No,' replied the other; 'the poor fellow is quite as a stand; he does not know what to do with himself: see how he pulls off his gloves!' 'Aye, aye, friend—you won't find it at your fingers' ends this time; I declare I quite feel for him—he is evidently in distress.'

Whether my sapient neighbours discovered their misplaced compassion, I know not, for I was too much engaged to attend—the whole scene took me back some thirty years in life, and renewed memory of sweet tears, and bitter hours, such as all lovers have had, or must have—but who regrets such hours and such feelings? Him, alone, who has felt woman's tears on his cheek—woman's love in his heart, and has deceived her.

I mean not, of course, when I speak thus tenderly of woman, the unsexed, revolting, skeleton-gazing creatures, not one of whom I can allow to be a woman; for, although Eve's curiosity might be adduced as proof that it is the sin of the sex, yet let it be remembered that our general mother was tempted by the 'wisest' (and in many respects the most beautiful) 'of the beasts,' and that the fruit she plucked was 'fair to look upon,' and 'a thing to be desired,' which I believe no apologist for the ladies could possibly urge in the present case. Could she, who was—

'Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,' see that even her error had so degenerated, I have no doubt but she would be as unwilling

to pardon it as myself, and as ready to deny these garbage-loving damsels to be *her* daughters, as I am to consider them of the species which men take to be the 'wives of their bosoms.' I am your's, &c.,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

#### OBSERVATIONS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF MEMORY.

(Concluded from p. 540.)

HABITS of reflection not only tend to improve the memory; but are indispensably requisite to moral and intellectual improvement. They enable us to approve and perfect, or condemn and rectify, in our future, what was right, or wrong, in our past conduct; and to make a judicious selection of what is valuable from what is frivolous, in the acquisition of knowledge. They serve to give clear conceptions; to enlarge the understanding; and to methodize experience.—But if, instead of revising our knowledge from time to time, meditating on the various parts of which it is composed, and retaining only such of them as are important, we cherish habits of inaccuracy, and overload the memory by grasping at everything without discrimination; our knowledge will be only a confused mass of unconnected facts; consisting of words rather than of things; and will be as useless as it is vague and superficial. A memory of this description resembles one which retains perceptions of all kinds with equal force, and which can be but of little real use to its possessor.—It is worthy of observation, and, indeed, ought carefully to be borne in mind, that the memory is not so much improved by attempting to remember a *great deal*, as by endeavouring to remember a *little well*.

The *third* requisite for this improvement of memory, is, to converse over with a friend those ideas which we have selected as important, and wish to remember. For this purpose nothing seems better adapted than a well regulated society, composed of individuals pursuing the same course of study. In conversation, the attention is fixed, and our conceptions are rendered more lively by being clothed in words. In this useful intellectual exercise, we are obliged in some measure to depend on our own abilities to supply us with arguments, instead of blindly leaning for support on those of others. When we trust to others for our ideas on any subject, our attention is never so vigorously exerted as when we are obliged to rely on our own resources. Many things which had before escaped our notice, strike us in conversation; and the subject under discussion is, in all its parts and relations, more clearly understood and better remembered. Our minds become more familiarized with the ideas of others, as well as with the conclusions of our own understanding. These circumstances, together with the arrangement of our ideas necessary for communicating them with clearness and precision to others, and the promptitude with which we must frequently deliver our sentiments, are particularly useful in giving us a facility and readiness of recollection. Lord Bacon has, somewhere in his writings, I think in his essays,—well observed, that 'it were better



to address ourselves to a statue or picture, than to allow our thoughts to pass in silence.

The fourth requisite for the improvement of memory is, *that we study with method and order*:—which consists in *following the train of association to which our faculties naturally lead*.—In pursuing different branches of study, we ought to confine our attention to what is really useful; and to have respect to the order most congenial to the habitual train of our thoughts. In the succession of our thoughts, or in that train of thought which is continually flowing through the mind, there is, for the most part, a connection; so that the thought which is *at present* in the mind, depends partly on that which *went before*, and serves in some measure to introduce that which *follows*. Hence those things are most easily and best remembered, of which the parts are methodically arranged, intimately connected, or mutually related. Every one must have observed how much order and method contribute to perpetuate the remembrance of an oration or poem. The improvement of the memory must therefore be greatly promoted by a methodical course of study; a love of order; and a habit of distributing the various articles of our knowledge into distinct classes and subordinate heads, and of assigning to every new acquisition its proper place in the general arrangement. Of the means, indeed, which have been devised, recommended, or employed for effecting improvement of the memory, a philosophical and regular plan of study may perhaps be regarded as one of the most successful, and the most deserving of trial generally speaking, from its being apparently, in all cases to which it is applicable, the best adapted for the accomplishment of the end in view. By steadily adhering to a definite arrangement every subject is studied in its proper place; all the particular facts, illustrations, and arguments requisite for its elucidation, are recollected under the heads to which they respectively belong; and the mind is not perplexed or embarrassed, in the midst of its researches, by the presence of extraneous matter, or by the obtrusion of ideas irrelevant to those which ought to form the subject of its operations. Those who adopt this method of improving their memories, must be particularly careful not to forget the general plan according to which their acquisitions are arranged; and in order to retain it, they should frequently revise the more important branches of their knowledge, and renew those impressions which time may have begun to efface. Every new acquisition which we wish to retain, ought to be closely connected with the associations which we have previously formed. This will possess the double advantage of strengthening our associations, by presenting some new relation among our ideas, and of permanently retaining the acquisition, in consequence of its connection with the principles which regulate our train of thought. The more relations that are established between our ideas, the more readily will the view of one enable us to recall the rest by means of association. On account of an additional relation, *verse* is more easily remembered than *prose*; and for the same

reason, *rhyme* is committed to memory and retained, with less difficulty, than *blank-verse*.

—It is from this principle, in conjunction with the love of poetry and use of poetical language natural to man in his uncivilized state, that laws, proverbs, and other moral rules and maxims, were anciently composed in verse; and though the modern critic may despise or be disposed to smile at such of those doggerel rhymes as have been handed down to us; yet it ought to be considered that they were the best means of conveying instruction which could have been devised for a rude people; and that, when employed for that purpose, they were better adapted to the state of society than the polished productions of a more refined age.

The fifth aid to the memory is, *a habit of writing down whatever we wish to remember*. It is, however, not by *mere transcriptions* of what we read, that the memory will be improved. By writing out common-places from books, much time may be spent, and much labour may be bestowed; but neither will the understanding be enlarged, nor the memory made more susceptible or tenacious. If we wish to give stability to our thoughts, and acquire a stock of knowledge that may properly be called our own, we must carefully commit to writing the *sentiments* which we learn from others (not the *words* which we read or hear), as well as those which arise in our own minds, and which are the result of our own investigation. This practice of putting our thoughts upon paper, and expressing them in our own words, has several very obvious advantages. It fixes the attention more closely and for a longer time, upon the fact or doctrine which we review; leads us to clothe our thoughts in words; and gives figure, in some measure, to the objects of our attention, and presents them to the eye, the perceptions of which keep a stronger hold of the memory than those of any other sense. Our thoughts are naturally fleeting, and many of our most important acquisitions are soon forgotten; but by the practice of writing we are enabled to keep them before the view of the mind until a deep impression is made on the memory. This useful exercise will likewise enable the student to form his style; to think for himself; to revise and enlarge his knowledge; to cultivate his mental faculties; and to mark his progress in what path soever of inquiry he may happen to pursue. Though, in the beginning, he may have many difficulties to encounter, and may meet with little that can afford him pleasure; yet, as he advances, his task will gradually become more interesting as well as easy; and, in the end, he will be found to regret neither the time nor the labour which he employed in composing the journal of progress.

Many attempts have been made to improve the memory by *artificial* means. In the writings of Cicero and Quintilian, some account is given of the *artificial memory* of the ancients, contrived to facilitate the recollection of the heads of an oration, by associating them with objects previously rendered familiar to the mind. It was generally used by those whose profession it was to speak in public; and consisted in a kind of imaginary

connection which the speaker had established between the leading features of his discourse and the sensible objects in the place where he spoke. For this purpose, we are told, the orator arranged in his memory a number of contiguous places, such as the apartments in a house, or the buildings in a street; and with these several places he associated the principal heads and subordinate divisions of his speech. In allusion to this practice the heads of a discourse were, and are still, called *loci*, *places*, or *topics*. Quintilian very justly remarks, that this art is too complex, and that memory may be improved by simpler means.

An art somewhat similar to the topical memory of the ancients, is said to be practised by the North American chiefs. The orator, when haranguing in public, is attended by a prompter, whose business it is, to exhibit to the speaker a variety of painted rods, one after another, which serve to suggest the various topics of his discourse.

Another method has been recommended for facilitating the remembrance of dates, measures, computations, &c. It is called the '*Memoria Technica*,' or '*Ars Lulliana*;' and consists in the substitution of the letters of the alphabet for the numerical characters. This art has been improved by forming the letters and words into a number of verses, which the student is to commit to memory, in the same manner as grammatical rules, and which are designed to suggest to him an extensive field of useful knowledge.

These and other such like attempts to improve the memory by artificial means, are more curious and ingenious, than really useful. Though they may serve to assist that faculty in particular cases, as in those of the school boy and his tutor; yet they are all liable to this serious objection,—*that they tend to destroy the memory by accustoming it to look for foreign aid*.—It is not by means of mere mechanical expedients that the memory can ever be cultivated; but by exercising the faculty itself, and the other powers with which it is connected.

By industry and attention, by patience and long practice, much may be done for the improvement of our intellectual and moral nature; and experience uniformly evinces, that none of our faculties are more susceptible of cultivation than memory. Instances are not wanting in which it has been improved to a degree almost incredible; and though its perfection, in such cases, was the result of long and unremitting application, yet we shall not be deterred by the labour and perseverance necessary for its improvement, when we reflect on the vast importance of this noble faculty.—Though our other powers are the *immediate instruments* by which our knowledge is acquired, yet to *memory* we are indebted for the permanency of all our acquisitions. Without the aid of this faculty, our knowledge (if *knowledge* it might be called), could not have extended beyond the consciousness of a single feeling; no idea of time, nor any of those complex notions of which it forms an ingredient, could ever have entered into our minds; and the fleeting moment of which we can form no concep-



tion, would to us have appeared the period of our existence. Where, then, were all the innumerable deductions of reason,—the prerogative and boast of man? and where were all the enjoyments of social intercourse,—all the happiness that flows from benevolent affection? From our knowledge of the *past*, we judge of the *future*; but without memory, where were the experience from which we anticipate? and where the remembrance of former blessings, on which we ground our future hopes?—Such is the situation in which man is placed, that, if destitute of memory, the very possibility of his continued existence is not conceivable, without the miraculous interposition of that Almighty Being by whom it was bestowed. In the present admirable constitution of things, it is our duty ever to bear in mind, that He has made us capable of remembering his goodness, as well as of enjoying his blessings; and, amidst all our enjoyments, it ought never to be forgotten, that He bestowed not a power of *memory* without implanting an affection of *gratitude*. ΕΒΣ.

## A CARD FROM ASMODEUS.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Although you have not lately heard from me, yet rest assured that I have neither been devoured by Wombwell's lions nor frightened to death by that scarecrow—the living skeleton; nor have I perished by drinking cold water during the dog-days, though the weather has been so hot as to set an ice-house on fire, as the American papers assure us. Attribute not to me the mischiefs that have occurred since I last wrote: I provided no bun for Judge Berkeley; I gave no philtre to Miss Tree; it was not I that instigated Kean to arrest Elliston, of whose inside his son, on inspection, is able to give so satisfactory an account; I had no share in exciting the Sunderland seamen to a riot, nor, thank God, did I direct the soldiers to fire on the defenceless and unoffending. I am not answerable for the temper of Sir Richard Birnie, who acknowledges he speculates on the Stock Exchange, and if he had lost much, it was no wonder he became irritated at the very name of *Gamble*, when associated with a subject on which he felt so sorely; as for the knight of the saddle turning out the reporters the other day, why, was it not natural? for who likes to sit in company with a set of men who will blazon forth every folly you commit. I wrote none of the new *drapers'* letters on the subject of shutting up shop; nor was it I that set the cooks and footmen to combine, and compel their masters to dine at one o'clock every day, in order to allow them time for mutual instruction. In serious soberness, however, let me observe, that there is no class of society more industrious, nor work harder for so little money, than London shopmen.

The Dutch have discovered a new method of printing: I know the process, and have improved on it. The plodding Dutch only boast of being able to reprint a French paper in two hours, but I can reprint Hume and Smollett's history in that time. As a proof of the rapidity of my process, I will only give you one instance; on Monday, I bought a copy of *The Times* (which you know is now

nearly as large as a counterpane) of Ridgway's boy, just as he came out of the office, darted home, set my machine to work, and overtook the boy, with a quire of reprints, before he got to Temple Bar. The Dutch talk of printing indeed!

Having stated this, I will leave to next week to tell you what I have done the last month, and beg that you will reserve a place for me; in the meantime, I send you a trifle I wrote some months ago, and to which my attention was called, by seeing a parody on it, in a contemporary journal. I should, however, have let it slumber, had I not seen the extravagant praises bestowed on the imitation, called the *Slave Ship*, by Iole, which I am sure every reader of good sense will acknowledge is much inferior to the subjoined poem of

ASMODEUS.

## THE SHAVING SHOP.

It has been the good fortune of Asmodeus to introduce several good jokes to the public, whose merit have speedily procured them fame of a high and permanent order. He this week (he is persuaded) begins a new career of the same kind, and in this belief begs to recommend the *SHAVING SHOP* to the attention of the readers of *The Literary Chronicle*.

Whilst taking a glass of stout at the Cock, in Fleet Street, a Scotchman of the name of Andrew Mackay, with a friend, arrived, each of which had just been shaved and cropped at Money's; had any kindness or humanity prevailed with them, they would have gone to some poorer barber, and not to one who crops more dandies than any haircutter in London, Mac Alpine not excepted. The wretched exquisites, Andrew Mackay assured us, were all stowed in bulk\* in Money's rooms, and their heads possessed no other ornament save that which he or his assistants conferred. Their bodies and extremities were enveloped in sundry preparations from the hides of sheep, calves, &c.†

No wigs were on the blocks,  
No dandies on the chairs,  
MONEY'S men stood still as stocks,  
And ceas'd to torture hairs

\* *Stowed in bulk* is a naughty phrase for anything closely packed; a barrel of herrings will convey the best idea of Money's shaving-shop on the morning of a lord mayor's ball, and indeed Mac Alpine engages in this traffic about the Bank and Royal Exchange.

† I hate all notes, save bank notes (who does *save* them?) but it has occurred to me that some of my readers may think this argument or preamble has nothing to do with the poem that follows: *they* may think so, but if they would dispense with that said labour of thinking, and rely on my assertion, I would assure them that the introduction has quite as much to do with the subject as such matters generally have. If the reader will refer to *The Literary Gazette* of last Saturday, he will find a most obvious and daring plagiarism, not only of the poem of the *Shaving Shop*, but even of the introductory anecdote. Why I suffered my portfolio to be examined and my original poems parodied, may naturally enough be asked, but as I hate personalities, and am rich enough to spare a few appropriations of that sort, the public must rest without any explanation on this point.

Fleet Street lay just before,  
The Thames lay far behind,  
And a breath of gin and cloves  
Came on the northern wind.  
There rose a curse and wail,  
As rough chins pass'd the door,  
And keen looks sought for rugged nobles,  
Which should add to Money-more.

Who seeing that fair shop,  
And all the fops that in it strut,  
Would dream that barbers trod the boards,  
And that till twelve it was not shut?

By day was heard the scrape,  
By night was heard the snore;  
For the shavers all were tired,  
And therefore snor'd the more.

Was one in that good shop  
A master in the Strand,  
He'd scorn to shave; he'd scorn to clip,  
At Money's stern command.

He call'd upon his tribe,  
And said they might be free!  
And his brow was devilish warm,  
As he drank his cup of tea.

Next day a sullen growl  
Was heard among the men,  
They swore they'd go to bed at nine,  
And not get up till ten.

## NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. VIII.

SHOULD the plan now in agitation for shutting up the shops at seven p. m.,—that is about an hour before the present fashionable dinner-time, be carried into effect, we may expect to see some other strange changes with respect to the distribution of the twenty-four hours. This early cessation of all appearance of business would doubtless render our streets less gay of an evening than they have hitherto been, were it not that the whole population of our shops will now be poured forth to parade them; for it does not appear that the *curfew* is to be exactly re-established. Neither is it likely that we should ever return so far again to the 'good old times,' that all his Majesty's subjects will, like Sir Richard Birnie, be snugly lodged in their beds at ten o'clock in the afternoon. We have often thought that it would be a great improvement, could vulgar people be prevailed upon to finish their day by the time that people of fashion begin their morning, as it would prevent much collision and confusion between the *somebodies* and the *nobodies*, who are now perpetually jostled together and thwarting each other. According to the present system, a *fashionist* must either dine when he should be breakfasting, or must stay away from a theatre. Surely, therefore, it would be better to have one theatre for the *canaille*, and another for persons *comme il faut*: at the latter, the performance might begin a little after midnight, and that it might not be a bore, it ought not to be longer than a fashionable sermon. John Bull is never contented with sitting a less time than six hours at a play-house: now this is not only excessively vulgar, but a dreadful loss of time, which, however, does not seem to enter John's calculation. He likes a good deal for his money—as to quality, that is not of much consideration; but he thinks, that if he has six hours of play, from the managers, for his



seven shillings, he has a good bargain, not computing that for every hour he so receives, he gives in exchange not only a shilling and a fraction, but sixty minutes besides. But, perhaps, he considers time lost as so much gained, somewhat after the manner of the Irishman, who bragged that he had passed off a bad guinea to a beggar between two half-pence.

A theatre conducted on the plan we have above suggested, would undoubtedly be a monstrous improvement on the present horrible system, and might tend to bring play-going into vogue again with people of *ton*, for now the performances close just about the time they ought to begin; unless, indeed, it should become the fashion to dine, as the late Mr. Lee Warner did, after the play is over.\* We are aware that it is the custom with certain old-fashioned people to declaim against late hours, which they seem to consider as something quite sinful; although many of these very regular people see no harm whatever in lying ten or twelve hours in bed. But the fact, we believe, is, that if candle-light be a sin, it is one that must be laid to the charge of the fair part of the creation, who, we presume, somehow or other, find their account in it. Moonlight is pretty and sentimental; accordingly, we find poets very fond of rambling about in it, at those hours when all orderly good people are a bed. Next to this,—although poets themselves may protest against such an opinion, there is no light so poetical as candlelight, as it shows objects as they ought to be, rather than as they really are; we are, therefore, so far from wondering that those who can afford it, show such a predilection for it, that we rather wonder they do condescend to use daylight at all.

As to late dinners, they are by no means an invention of modern luxury, for, like ourselves, the ancients never dined until the evening. The Roman *cena*, which still continues to be stupidly or perversely translated 'supper,' although it might as well be rendered 'breakfast,' was neither more nor less than the dinner of the present day; nor would it ever have been translated otherwise, except by our Gothic ancestors, who took their suppers before sunset. In this respect, therefore, the world is so far from getting worse and worse every day, that it remains precisely the same as it was nineteen centuries ago. And, after all, the fashion of dining late is so far from being an extravagant one, that it is the most economical—that is, with regard to time, that could be contrived. Were, indeed, our fashionable people to dine when the rest of the world are forced to be engaged in business, they could not be aped as they now are, by many pretenders to gentility, who consider an eight o'clock dinner as the climax of *ton*.

\* Of this eccentric gentleman, who actually used to turn night into day, some amusing anecdotes may be found in Pratt's Gleanings.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

I SAT me on a mountain's side,  
From whence I could o'erlook the glen;  
But now, as far as eye could see,  
I nought beheld but a misty sea;  
And there I sat, shut out from men!  
And oh! it was a beautiful sight!  
For sometimes I by chance could see  
A high hill lifting up its head,  
Above the cloud that o'er it spread,  
Like an island floating in the sea.  
The sun shone bright—how bright he shone!  
Upon the cloud that spread before me;  
It was a scene of splendid light,  
Suited to some poetic wight;  
It was a scene of splendid glory!  
The world was from me all shut out,  
Would I had ne'er it seen again;  
For where's the pleasure can be found,  
But what is with distraction crown'd,  
Amidst the haunts of worldly men?  
I seem'd alone in a new world,—  
Beauty and I alone united:  
How beautiful the sun did gleam,  
Gilding the cloud with his bright beam;  
And oh! how I was then delighted!  
It looked like a fairy world,  
Surrounded by a fairy sea;  
And I had almost then forgot,  
That in this world was cast my lot,  
I was so fill'd with ecstasy!  
But soon the morning breeze arose,  
And all the vision fled away;  
The cloud, that look'd like a still ocean,  
Was blown away with gentle motion,  
And all the vale before me lay.  
And that sweet vale show'd beautiful,  
A dew-engemmed paradise!  
A winding river through it flow'd,  
Upon whose banks the wild flow'rs glow'd;  
Would it had not known human vice!  
But with the scene I will not quarrel—  
This world's made up of good and ill!  
Adown the dale I'll take my pleasure,  
And on the mountain, when I've leisure—  
I'll not complain, let come what will!

18th August, 1825.

O. N. Y.

## THE DRAMA,

### AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—A new piece in three acts, entitled *Roses and Thorns*, a comedy,\* attributed to Captain Lunn, was produced on Wednesday, but it approaches broad farce much nearer than to legitimate comedy, and had it been reduced to a farce in two acts, might probably in such shape have met with less equivocal marks of public favour, and have escaped the opposition manifested at the fall of the curtain. The story consists in two half brothers being compelled to live under one roof or lose their fortunes; they are guardians to Julia Heartsease, the daughter of one of them (Mrs. T. Hill), who is to forfeit her fortune if she marries without their consent; they fix upon Frederic Fitzalwyn (Mr. Vining) for her husband, and she fixes upon Blancour (Mr. Raymond) her teacher in mathematics. Fitzalwyn having seduced a farmer's daughter, Rosa Appleton (Miss P. Glover) has some remorse of conscience, and he ultimately marries her (this part of the story bears a strong resemblance to that of *Clari*, but

is far less effective), and Julia marries Blancour; the consent of the uncle being obtained by a bungling sort of stratagem that did not escape hissing, the father gave his as a matter of course. The principal merit of the piece is in the humour shown in the contrasted characters of the two brothers: one is a retired admiral, Sir Valentine Verjuice (Mr. Farren) who is a crabbed, testy, never-to-be-pleased sort of gentleman, as his name indicates, and the other is a contented, laughing, jolly old fellow, Sir Hilary Heartsease (Mr. Liston) who, determining to be always happy, rejoices over his misfortunes, because, forsooth, they might by possibility have been greater; Verjuice finds in winter nothing but mud, in summer nothing but dust, in civility only flattery, and in attachment only deceit; both characters are farcical enough and were well sustained, particularly that of the admiral; indeed his is the chief portraiture in the piece—without it there could be no room for commendation, for the incidents and situations of the drama possess no originality.—With the exception of Mr. Williams, who is an old weather-beaten tar, attached to the admiral, the performers had little room for a display of talent. With this brief notice we shall therefore dismiss *Roses and Thorns*, not expecting to have occasion again to recur to it.

**ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.**—The new opera of *Turture* is completely successful, and attracts large and fashionable audiences.

## LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

**MR. E. T. ARTIS** has nearly ready for publication, in one volume 4to, his *Antediluvian Phytology*, illustrated by a collection of the fossil remains of plants, peculiar to the coal formations of Great Britain.

**Mrs. Murdoch**, the widow of the late Mr. Murdoch, the early teacher of Burns, has in her possession two original letters of the poet's writing, addressed to Mr. Murdoch, one of which is published in Dr. Currie's *Life of Burns*; but the other does not possess sufficient interest to authorize its publication. Mr. Murdoch attached so much value to these manuscripts, that a liberal pecuniary offer (although he was far from being in good circumstances) could not induce him to part with one of them; his widow, however, we understand, intends to offer them both for sale, and they will probably be transferred to a public library for the inspection of the curious.

**Dr. Johnson's dictionary** contains the following number of words, but they are by no means the whole in the English language:—articles, 3; nouns substantive, 10,410; adjectives, 9,053; pronouns, 41; verbs, 7,880; participles, 33; participle adjectives, 125; ditto nouns, 3; adverbs, 496; ditto in *ly*, 2,096; prepositions, 69; conjunctions, 19; interjections, 68; total, 40,301.

**Rapid Flight.**—The rapidity with which the hawk and many other birds occasionally fly, is probably not less than at the rate of 150 miles in an hour; the common crow, twenty-five ditto; a swallow, ninety-two ditto; and the swift, three times greater.—Migratory birds probably about fifty miles per hour.

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An officer of the German Legion will soon publish a work under the title of *Accounts of the Campaigns of the King's German Legion in Great Britain, Ireland, Denmark, the Pyrenean Peninsula, and Italy.*

*New Invention in Printing.*—The Dutch papers contain an account of a new discovery in printing, or a new application of lithography, for the reprinting foreign journals, by which it is calculated that the subscription to these papers, which now costs each the postage and triple stamp—31 francs 20 cents per quarter, not including the portage, will be only 10 francs, which will be a great injury to our journals. The reprint will be executed by lithographic and chemical process, to which the inventor has given the name of *identigraphy*. Every foreign journal, for which there shall be one hundred subscribers, will be reprinted, and the reprint appear two hours after the arrival of the mail. The prospectus fixes no prices except for the *Moniteur*, the *Constitutionnel*, the *Cour Française*, and the *Pandora*. The *Moniteur* will cost fourteen, twenty-six, and fifty florins, for three, six, and twelve months; the two opposition journals, nine, sixteen, and thirty florins; and the *Pandora*, eight, fifteen, and thirty florins. The difference between them and the present prices will be from 25 to 30 per cent.

The King of Sweden has commanded the establishment of a Technological Institution in Stockholm, and assigned, for the present, 2,000 dollars to purchase books, medals, &c. This event makes the guilds or companies of artisans afraid (and not without reason) for their monopolies.

*Increase of Height at Rising.*—The cartilages between the vertebrae of the backbone, twenty-four in number, yield considerably to the pressure of the body in an erect posture, and expand themselves during the repose of the night; hence a person is considerably taller at his rising in the morning than at night. The difference in some amounts to so much as one inch; and recruits who have passed muster for soldiers in the morning, have been rejected when re-measured at night as below the standard.

*Oysters.*—After the month of May it is felony to carry away a clutch (the spawn adhering to stones, old oystershells, &c.); and punishable to take any oysters, except those of the size of a half-crown piece, or such as, when the two shells are shut, will admit of a shilling rattling between them.—The liquor of the oyster contains incredible multitudes of small embryo oysters, covered with little shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of these in a row would extend one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, and which emit a phosphoric light. The list of inhabitants, however, does not conclude here—for besides these last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worms (called the oyster worm), half an inch long, found in oysters, which shine in the dark like glow-worms.—The sea-star, cockles, and muscles, are the great enemies of the oyster. The first gets

within the shell when they gape, and sucks them out.

A watchmaker of Bayreuth has manufactured a cage filled with birds, to the number of sixty, representing parrots, sparrows, swallows, &c., each of which has the peculiar note given by nature. The cage is made of brass, and the wheels which make them move and produce the sound are of silver; the plumage is real. A person of distinction, it appears, offered the watchmaker 32,000 florins for his cage, but he will not take less than 60,000.

The vast increase of buildings in the Regent's Park has suggested the necessity of constructing a reservoir for the supply of water to the new neighbourhood. A work of this kind has been going on for some months, and, being now near its completion, attracts a good deal of curiosity. It is advantageously situated on Little Primrose Hill, from which elevation, being one hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the Thames, the liquid body will flow from a point higher than any building in Mary-le-bone, and be enabled, consequently, to invade the topmost chamber in the parish with ease. The basin will be twenty feet deep, and cover an area of two acres, and when finished will be enclosed by a wall with an ornamental palisade, so as to render it an object of embellishment to the park. It will contain 18,000 tuns of water, considered to be adequate to the supply of as many houses; and the fluid will be brought from the Thames above Hammer-smith, a distance not less than seven miles. The increase of houses, in the parish of Mary-le-bone, has been from 9000 to 14,000 within the last two years. The cost of this work has been computed at £25,090.

M. Schwæbel, a mechanic of Strasburg, has just invented a triangular machine, with a lever, to replace the hydraulic lever, which possesses the double action applicable to all machines moved by water or horses, either for spinning, flour-mills, sawing, forge-bellows, &c. It facilitates, by its strength, the machine to which it is applied, giving it a more regular movement, and fills the place of two horses where four are required, and is also very useful in times of drought, as it will work a machine with half the quantity of water.

There is now at Lyme Regis, three fossil skeletons of the Saurin tribe, viz. *Ichthyosaurus Teneurostris*, *Ichthyosaurus Vulgaris*, and *Ichthyosaurus Intermedius*, the former being twelve feet in length, and in such perfect state that its osteology may be distinctly ascertained. The *Ichthyosaurus Vulgaris* is a beautiful cabinet specimen unequalled by any hitherto found in any part of Europe, being then three feet long.

*The sleep of Plants.*—The common chicken-weed, with white blossoms, affords a notable instance of what is called the sleep of plants, for every night the leaves approach in pairs, so as to include within their upper surface the tender rudiments of the new shoots, while the uppermost pair but one, at the end of the stalk, are furnished with longer leaf stalks than the others—so that they close on the terminating pair, and protect the end of the branch.

## THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

THE WATCHMAN TRIUMPHANT.

'Move on!' bawl'd the watchman; 'move on!' 'tis my will,  
That none, but myself, in the street should stand still.'—  
'Well said, my old boy!' cried a wag, 'you are deep,  
He might chance to tell tales, if he staid while you sleep.' J. C.

*Artificial Cold.*—The greatest artificial cold that has yet been produced, was effected by the mixture of diluted sulphuric acid with snow, which sunk Fahrenheit's thermometer to under 91, or 123 degrees below the freezing point.

*Anatomical Drawing.*—The writer of a memoir on Fuseli says, that in his picture of Milton's daughter reading to the sightless bard, the artist show the femoral artery through the lady's petticoat! This is anatomical precision with a vengeance. We imagine that had the late professor of painting lived to see that horrible *lusus naturæ*, the living skeleton, he would not only have studied him *con amore*, but actually introduced him into some of his goblin pictures. The moderns, whether writers or artists, have a singular predilection for the disgusting, make an ostentatious display of skeletons and dead men's bones, and seek for inspiration in the charnel house. We still retain the monkish personification of death, and display skulls on our tombstones and monuments: singular enough, that a religion which regards the tomb merely as a passage to another state of existence, should represent death under a more hideous form than paganism, which considered it to be the termination of our being!

*Extreme Heat of the Air.*—We may conclude, from some experiments of Humboldt's, that the air of the atmosphere, although perfectly stagnant, could in no possible circumstance be heated to above 140 degrees, and this only within three feet of the ground. On the west coast of Africa the thermometer is said to rise to 130 in the sun: a thermometer placed in the sand, at Magpures, rose to 014 Fahrenheit.

*The Metals.*—The metals are forty-two in number, and weigh, compared with water taken as 1, viz.:—platinum, 21; gold, 19.30; mercury, 13.50; silver, 10.30; sodium, 09.72; potassium, 08.56; platinum is the heaviest body in nature.

*Love and Laudanum; or, The New Belle's Stratagem.*—*The New Way to get Married.*—The success of the tragic-comedy in which a celebrated and favourite actress has lately sustained so important a part, will undoubtedly bring laudanum into great request with all sentimental young ladies; and such will be the demand for it, that that article will rise fifty per cent in the market. We have heard that, after Mr. De Quincy published his confessions, opium-eating became a kind of mania with many persons, and Miss Tree's *coup de theatre* will confer on laudanum-drinking a similar species of vogue. Perhaps here and there a blunder may occur, but if the incident be well got up, it can hardly fail of effect: of course the potion



must not be taken on going to bed, but in a carriage; and perhaps an empty laudanum bottle in the hand, if the lady be a skilful actress, will answer all the purpose of the dose itself. After all, such a way of adjusting the matter, is more delicate and romantic than an action for breach of promise of marriage, although the gentlemen of the long robe will not think so; but then they, it must be allowed, are not the best judges of sentiment and romance. We think that, in such actions, the fair plaintiff, however good her case may be legally, does not appear in the most favourable light; for a woman who can endure the idea of having the whole progress of her attachment discussed in a court of law, and afterwards published in every pot-house in the kingdom, cannot possess the nicest and most correct feelings—to say nothing of the imputation to which she voluntarily subjects herself, by seeking pecuniary consolation in the form of damages. But in England—whether much to the credit of the national character or not, we do not pretend to say—money is held to be a compensation for everything; although, in some ranks of life, it can but add to the insult and disgrace; and we certainly do think, that there are many instances where the highest damages awarded by a jury are too dearly purchased by such a public disclosure as must, to a mind of the least delicacy and sensibility, prove a keener torture than any of our laws could inflict. We hope, however, that in future ladies will be less eager to enter a court of justice, to proclaim to all the world the indignity they have received, and the kind of redress with which they are willing to be satisfied, especially now they perceive that they can carry their point so much more effectually by a phial of laudanum and a little stratagem. There are, too, many cases in which such a drug is the most auspicious emblem of future matrimonial tranquillity that could be devised, seeing that it promises complete oblivion of all ante-nuptial errors.

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relies.—

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Shall H. R. THOMAS prove the Children's friend?

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	1 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Aug 19	57	60	54	30 20	Fair.
.... 20	54	73	65	.. 38	Do.
.... 21	60	70	62	.. 36	Cloudy.
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